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The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 37 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1950

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

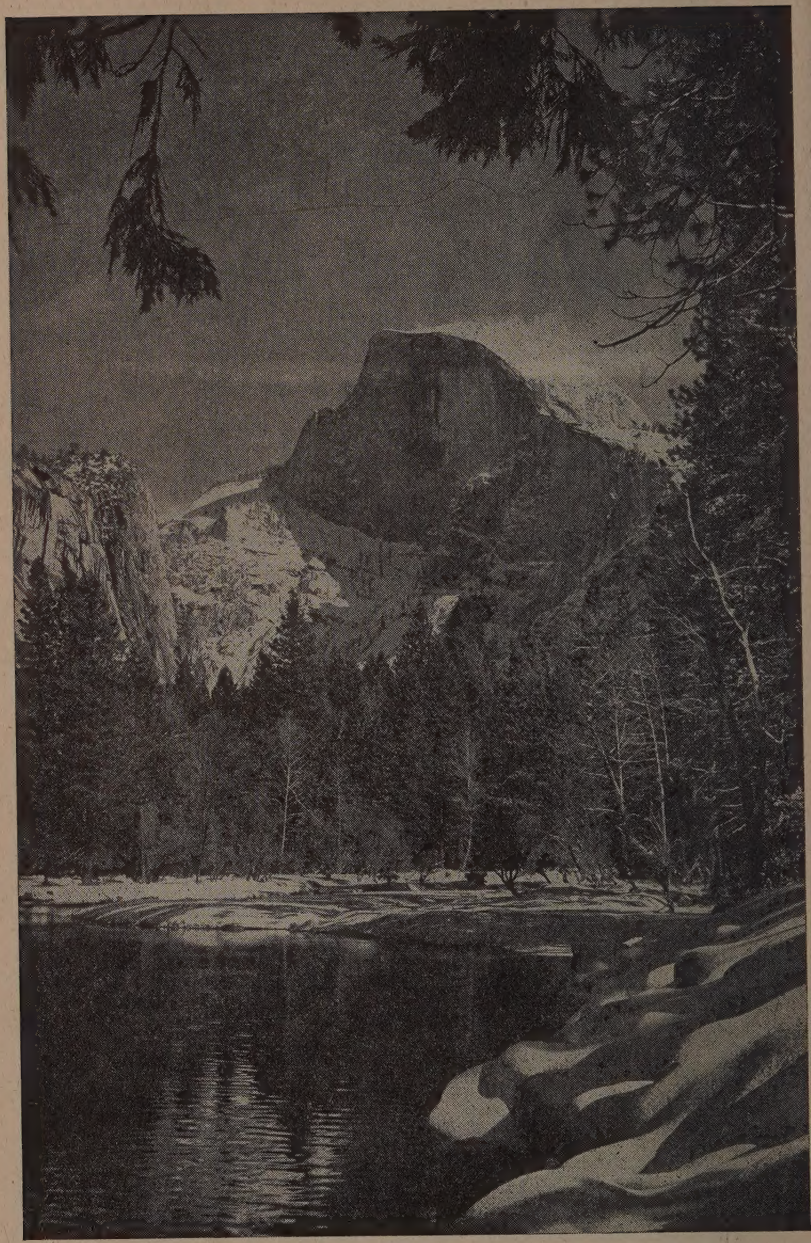
VOL. 37, NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1950

Lien On The Land

Margery S. Stewart

We have not paid enough for this land
And we have forgotten the price our fathers
Gave. We are renters of their holdings,
Disdaining the soil that holds their sweat
And dreams and their blood. A man cannot buy
A country with silver, nor can he keep it
With grudging gold. The hills, from sea to sea,
Stripped of their tall trees, the plains
Robbed to their dust, they hold the imprint
Still of men who loved them. The winds
From Valley Forge blow on the self-seekers
Who would betray us, the careless who have lost
Their shields, on the rusted swords of the
Fearful. High above the nations we stand,
Garlanded with plenty. Beautiful earth!
Fairest under heaven, let us be aware
Of your richness, of your free skies,
And your rivers belonging to us all, of
Your wild lost places, your turbulent streets.
We have not paid enough in love, nor vision,
We have forgotten our children's children.

The Cover: Cathedral Gorge, Nevada, Photograph by Hal Rumel.



Josef Muench

HALF DOME, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

Preservation of Our Blessings of Freedom

Elder Ezra Taft Benson

Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1949)

MY beloved sisters of the Relief Society: I am grateful for this opportunity. My first recollection of the Relief Society in action was as a young boy of a large and growing family when I had the weekly responsibility of hitching a horse to a buggy when I was so small I had to climb on the horse's back to fasten the collar. And, after that job was completed, to lift one half bushel of wheat into the back of that one-horse buggy as mother left, as an officer of a ward Relief Society, to attend her weekly meeting. From that day to this I have loved and admired the Relief Society and its program.

I commend you, my sisters, that you have been considered worthy to become a part of it, that you have been charged with the responsibility of leadership.

As we consider this afternoon for a few moments this very important matter, introduced so effectively by Sister Elliott,* we are dealing with eternal principles. What are the blessings of freedom and liberty? What are the fundamental principles upon which liberty and freedom are based?

As far as our people are concerned: "We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege." We also "believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression" (2d and 11th Articles of Faith).

Freedom of choice—free agency—is an eternal principle. It is part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Moses, to whom the Lord revealed the knowledge regarding the creation of the earth, recorded the fact that Satan was cast down out of heaven at the time of the great council because he "sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord, had given him" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 4:3).

Then free agency is a God-given right, an inalienable right, which the Lord intended to be enjoyed by all his children.

Abraham was shown the spirit children of our Heavenly Father before they came to earth. He, too, was shown the creation of the earth, and the Lord said to him: "And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command

*See "With Liberty and Justice for All," by Edith S. Elliott, *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1949, page 804.

them" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:25).

In that divine statement is embodied also the right of choice.

Joshua, the great leader of Israel, said to his people: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15).

And so the leaders in Israel, from the beginning down to the present, have emphasized this matter of freedom of choice. How often did we hear our beloved leader, President Heber J. Grant, repeat these few lines:

Know this that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

Yes, freedom is an eternal principle. Heaven disapproves of force, coercion, or intimidation. Only free people can be happy, and the gospel is that great plan of freedom.

WHEN the saints were living the darkest days of the history of the Church, when they had been driven by their enemies from one section of the country to the other, the Lord gave the Prophet Joseph Smith a glorious revelation, which has been referred to here this afternoon.

You will recall that they had gone to Jackson County, Missouri, hoping that would be their permanent home, then they were driven into Van Buren County, and from there into Clay County. They suffered heavy losses — losses of clothing, furniture, household supplies, and livestock. Many of their crops had been destroyed, but during this dark period in their history, the Lord spoke of the petition of his righteous people and urged them to "continue to importune for redress." He spoke of the fact that it is not right for his children to be in bondage, one to another. It is the 101st section of the Doctrine and Covenants from which I read two verses. He said that the saints should seek for redress:

> According to the laws and constitution of the people, which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles; that every man may act in doctrine and principle pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I have given unto him, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment (D. & C. 101:77-78).

Confirming again this principle of free agency, he then vouchsafes to us another great principle, one that I hope you will keep in mind as Americans and as citizens of the Kingdom: "Therefore," said the Lord, "it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another" (D. & C. 101:79).

That statement of an eternal principle will serve to condemn the dictators and the rulers of the world who have taken from the people their free agency, their right of choice.

There have been three main classifications of bondage in the history of the world. First, there has been the bondage of one nation to another. That, of course, has varied in degree. We fought the great Revolutionary War to brake the bondage imposed by one nation upon the Thirteen Colonies. Then

there is the bondage of people to people, the bondage of one segment of the population to another segment within the same nation. We fought the Civil War to break that kind of bondage. Then, probably more serious than either of the other two, and probably more widespread, there is the bondage of people to the State.

The Lord said in this same revelation:

> For this purpose, (that men might have their free agency and that they might not be in bondage) have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D. & C. 101:80).

What a satisfaction that statement of the Lord should be to us as Latter-day Saints to know that the Constitution under which we live was established under the inspiration of heaven, by wise men whom the Lord raised up unto that very purpose.

WHEN the Kirtland Temple was to be dedicated, the Lord emphasized again to the Prophet Joseph the importance of defending these principles of freedom and liberty. That dedicatory prayer was given to the Prophet by revelation and then spoken back to the Lord in his words. One verse of it reads:

> Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth; have mercy upon the rulers of our land, may those principles which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever (D. & C. 109:54).

Again, the principles of the eternities embody these important principles of freedom and liberty.

It is not any wonder, my brethren and sisters, with this knowledge revealed from heaven, that the Prophet Joseph said of the Constitution of the United States, that it "is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty . . ."—And liberty is sweet. Many of us have never seen people who have lost it, but I say to you, my brethren and sisters, that among the saddest things in all the world is to see people who have once enjoyed their liberty and then lost it.

> It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the *sweets of liberty*, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 147).

As I saw people in war-torn Europe and heard them express their longings to get to America, I thought of the words of the Prophet Joseph: "It is like a spring in a thirsty land, like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

We saw them struggling on every hand to get to America. Many of them, if they were fortunate enough to get hold of an American magazine, would sit by the hour and pore through the pages, wondering if what they saw could possibly be true. Some of them endeavored to get to America by illegal means in

order to enjoy again the blessings of freedom and liberty.

Now, our Constitution gave to us some elemental principles never incorporated, so far as we know, in any other government that has ever been established within recorded history. President Clark, some years ago, made special mention of these elemental principles. May I quote a line from his statement which appeared in the 1940 *Improvement Era*.

> It (the Constitution) gave us, for perhaps the first time in all history, a republic with the three basic divisions of government, legislative, executive and judicial, literally and completely independent the one from the other, under which it is not possible for any branch of the government legally to set up a system by which that branch can first conceive what it wants to do, then make the law ordering its doing, and then itself charge its own enforcement.

That is basic to our American government, and yet we have come very close during certain periods in our history to doing the very thing that President Clark pointed out, which is always the method of dictators; i.e., make their own laws, interpret their own laws, and then bring judgment on their own acts.

During the depression of the thirties, and again during the last war emergency, through the adoption of administrative rulings giving great powers to the executive branch during a certain period, we came close to the danger involved in this very thing. During certain emergency periods there is justification for emergency action, but we must be careful as American citizens to see that those emergency powers are taken away again after the emergency disappears, in order that safeguards may be retained through the proper balance, for the Lord intended this as he inspired the founders of this great nation.

THE Lord also counseled the Saints in the early days of the Church that they should accept their hardships in patience and that they should also befriend the law of the land, that they should choose honest men to administer the laws, for he said in the 98th section of the Doctrine and Covenants concerning the laws of our land:

> That law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind and is justifiable before me. Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you . . . in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land (D. & C. 98:5-6).

And again, in defining this eternal principle of freedom, the Lord said: "I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free" (D. & C. 98:8).

And then he announced another great principle and responsibility which I hope that women of the Relief Society will keep in mind as they consider the 134th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants as a course of study this coming year. This is what the Lord said:

> Nevertheless, when the wicked rule the people mourn.

And then these significant words:

> Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good

men and wise men ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil (D. & C. 98:9, 10).

Now, as I interpret the scriptures, my brethren and sisters, these admonitions are just as binding upon the Latter-day Saints as is the law of tithing, the Word of Wisdom, or baptism. We should seek out honest men and wise men to hold political office in this government under an inspired Constitution. Can we logically place any other interpretation? This is the will of the Lord as spoken by revelation through our Prophet Joseph Smith.

We have seen ample evidence of what happens when the wicked do rule. Some of us have been in war-torn Germany. We have seen the results of the Hitler program, free agency thrown to the winds, the State supreme, whereas the Lord says that the individual is supreme, that he shall have his free agency, his freedom of choice.

Not only did they place the State supreme and take away man's free agency, but they went further and took away the God-given authority of parents to direct the lives of their own children, for God had thundered to Moses on Mount Sinai that children should honor their parents. Under the Nazi program children were taught that false doctrine that it is an indication of weakness to listen to the counsel of their own parents, that they should look to the State for counsel.

Then there was the principle of moral purity, an eternal principle. There is no happiness or eternal exaltation without observance of this principle. Yet German youth were taught that there is nothing wrong in relations of the sexes outside the marriage covenant so long as childbirth results, and that the State would take care of the illegitimate child and the mother.

It will take decades to undo, even in a measure, the damage that has been done by a powerful, despotic national leader who went contrary to eternal principles and ignored the Christian principles that are a part of the government of heaven—a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

MANY people have asked what caused a great people who have gone so far in the fields of science, music, and the other arts to permit such men to rise to great power as has happened in Germany, in Italy, and in Russia and her satellites. One of the important reasons as I have observed it firsthand, my brethren and sisters, is the fact that the citizens generally failed to carry out the admonition which the Lord has given the Latter-day Saints, to seek out good men and wise to serve as their leaders in a political capacity. Men, without faith in eternal principles, were permitted to rise to power.

We must not think it cannot happen here. We must be eternally vigilant as Latter-day Saints and seek out good men and wise, diligently, and inspire in the lives of our children a love for these eternal principles embodied in the Constitution, and a desire to seek out honorable men, the best possible, to stand at the head of our political governments, local, state, and federal. Only in this way can we safeguard the liberties which have been

vouchsafed to us in this inspired Constitution, the principles of which are a part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

And so I say, my sisters, that there are three important questions every Latter-day Saint should ask when a matter is proposed having to do with our national or local welfare. First of all, is it right as measured by the Constitution of the land, which we know was inspired? Second, is it right—although possibly not mentioned in the Constitution specifically—is it right as measured by the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ? And third, what will be its effect on the morale and character of the people if this or that policy is adopted? We are obligated as Latter-day Saints to apply these tests.

In Mormon philosophy, the individual is supreme under the God of heaven. He has certain inalienable rights which no person or nation has the right to take from him. These rights are spelled out in the Constitution and Declaration of Independence, and are set forth in the revelations of the Lord to his children.

The principles of the gospel, upon which our American way of life is based, are incompatible with both Communism or Fascism or any other man-made philosophies and programs, which throw to the wind these eternal principles.

We see some of our own Latter-day Saints tampering with these foreign "isms." No other system under heaven has ever provided so much of the good things of life as has our American system, our American way of life.

I hold in my hand some comparative figures published in a national magazine and later re-published in the *Reader's Digest*, giving the comparative purchasing power of wages in Russia and in the United States by the average industrial worker. These alone tell the story of the fruits of the two systems. I will not take time to read them all. I will give you just one or two examples.

In order to buy a one-pound wheat loaf of bread in Russia, the average worker must work one hour and ten minutes; in the United States, seven and a half minutes; one pound of lump sugar, two hours and thirty-four minutes in Russia; five minutes and a half in the United States; a pound of butter, ten hours and forty-two minutes in Russia; forty-eight and a half minutes in the United States; a cotton dress, thirty-one hours and fifty-one minutes in Russia; two hours and twenty-two minutes in the United States; women's cotton stockings—if they wear them any more in America—two hours and fifty-four minutes in Russia; nineteen and a half minutes in the United States.

IN this beloved land, choice above all others, under a Constitution-inspired Government, we are said to have approximately six per cent of the land area and about seven per cent of the population of the world, but we have approximately fifty per cent of the world's total wealth. More comfort, more satisfaction, more freedom, more of the blessings of liberty, have come to us here than have ever been enjoyed by any other people. As Latter-day

Saints, we know the source of these blessings, and we should be the first to defend and protect the principles so basic to the enjoyment of such blessings.

I have in my hand a letter which came a few days ago from one of the fine women of the Relief Society in Europe. I was in the home of this woman and her good husband and their little family. I cannot mention the name because of the danger that the information might get back and under the present regime over there, further persecution might be heaped upon them. Said this good lady—and she speaks beautiful English:

"We had a nice meeting in the large hall in ————," on such and such a date. "We wanted to show also the picture, 'The King of Kings,' but were not allowed to. There is no longer freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of assembly as we meet here to say anything we wish."

Then she tells of "the nice talks" given by the missionaries and by the president of the mission. She says:

> My husband conducted the meeting, the last time for a long time, because just a week later he was sent to prison. Our shop has been nationalized. He shall be in prison for two years. He was called to the police on Monday, the second of ————and did not come back any more. Last Sunday he left the city and went to a camp, a work camp. Now I have to wait until his letter comes to know where he is and how he feels.
>
> I do not know how I could bear all this without the blessings, the teachings and hopes of the gospel. Knowing the truth of the Lord makes all easier to bear. We remember your counsel not to let us be overcome or discouraged by despair. You cannot imagine how your words have helped us in recent times. I read through the Beatitudes and it gives me much comfort in my troubles.
>
> We are all looking forward to the coming of our beloved Lord Jesus Christ. That would be the best solution of all the troubles of the world.
>
> I cannot write to you all I wanted to. Please remember us, especially my husband, in your prayers. He has to suffer without reason. He is really a good husband, father and citizen, and he has not done anything wrong, either before man or before the law.

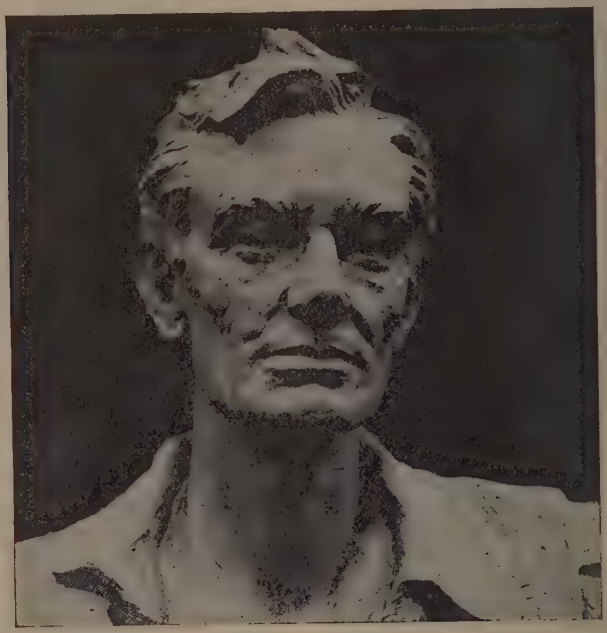
Well, this good man is working on a rock pile today as slave labor. He was given no freedom to even present his case, no hearing whatever, because freedom has left the country. People who love freedom, as we love it, have lost the blessed privilege of freedom of choice, freedom to live where they wish, freedom to select their own job, freedom to speak their minds—to worship as they desire.

I would rather be dead, my brethren and sisters, than to lose the blessings of liberty and freedom.

I presume in America we will never lose those freedoms and those blessings of liberty by force from an outside power, but we may very easily lose them because of our indifference, because of our failure to exercise our franchise, because we permit men who are unworthy to rise to positions of political power. Therefore, we should seek, as the Lord says, good men and wise, seek them diligently and see that they are elected to office and uphold these eternal principles. Yes, we should keep ever in mind the fact that we cannot take these blessings of freedom and liberty for granted.

It requires effort on our part, constant effort, if we would safeguard the Constitution and those eternal principles embodied therein.

Thank God for the knowledge which we have, as Latter-day Saints, that the Lord has had a hand in the establishment of this government. May he give you the power, as leaders in Relief Society and as mothers in Israel, to impress upon our sisters and upon our own children the importance of becoming acquainted with these eternal principles, and doing all in their power to promote and defend them, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



Lines To Lincoln

Josephine J. Harvey

There are men who live so tall,
They seem to tower above
Other men of their time.
You were such a man.

You loved knowledge,
Yet never grew too wise
To lift the friendly hand
Or walk in humble ways.
And when you spoke to men
They always understood.

You walked the somber hills of night,
And left us with a brighter dawn.
Your life remains a monument,
Wherever men love truth and light.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The House That Jim Built

Norma Wrathall

A cozy little white cottage, with blue shutters, and with a chandelier of Chinese chimes that tinkled when the porch light went on, would be the last place you'd think of as a haunted house. But that's what it was, after Jim Hawley's pretty young widow and that new husband of hers, Brick Saunders, came to live in the house that Jim built.

NORMA WRATHALL

Jim had built the house several years before he'd even started going out with June. He was a landscape gardener, and his yard was beautifully arranged. By hobby, he was a sort of inventor, and he had devised more gadgets than you could shake a stick at to make the work easier around the house. Sometimes, when I went there to help June, I thought it harder to learn how to use some of the inventions than to do the work in the ordinary way. But June was mighty proud of her things, and took pride in showing people how thoughtful Jim had been.

Right now, it should be explained that I—Mrs. Merkely, christened Mathilda, but generally known as Mattie— can't help knowing quite a lot about people in Oaks Junction, because I do most of the housecleaning for the better families, and also ironing. Oaks Junction is a suburb of Junction City where the big mills and smelters are. Not that I go around telling things, of course; sometimes I wish I didn't have to worry so much about other people's troubles.

I saw June the day they returned from their honeymoon in California, and she looked radiantly happy. She'd always been a pretty girl, with a knack for wearing clothes, and it struck me that day that her tall, red-head husband had good cause to be proud of her. He had a grin that spread all over his face whenever he looked at June. Later, I learned that his temper matched his hair.

It was a few weeks later that she called me on the phone and said she would like me to do her ironing. She said she had been up most

of the previous night, washing in her automatic washer. Something had gone wrong with it, and she hadn't wanted to disturb Brick. I thought her voice sounded sort of muffled, as if she'd been crying. "Please hurry, Mattie. I'm at the end of my rope—"

Even though June's mother and I have been life-long friends and neighbors, I had to finish putting Mrs. Ames' curtains on the dryer before I could leave. Then I went on over to June's house, which is quite a walk from where I live.

June had never been very neat, because her mother had always picked up after her and waited on her at home. But this day, I could hardly get into the kitchen, what with the screen door hitting me in the back with that rapid-door-closer of Jim's, stumbling over a basket of wet clothes, and nearly falling into a pan of cold starch in the middle of the floor.

"I haven't nearly all of it hung out—there wasn't room," sighed June. "Jim practically always did the washing, Mattie, you know he did, because he was so proud of the little bell he invented that would ring whenever a batch was done, and the light that flashed a different color for the varying temperatures of water. Something went wrong with it last night, and the spinner started reversing. I couldn't call Brick because—well, he wanted me to send it out in the first place—" She let her sentence trail off into dejected silence.

"My goodness, June," I said, "Seems to me you've got a lot of clothes, even for a two-weeks' wash. I saw your lines all full as I came in." I thought to myself that it was a poor way to end a honeymoon, as you might say.

"Yes—but Brick wears at least one clean shirt every day. And there were a lot of tablecloths and towels and things I didn't wash when we first got home. I don't know where half of it comes from, myself." She pushed back a strand of soft brown hair from her damp forehead; there were circles of weariness under her large blue eyes. "Listen, Mattie, I hung out all the ironing first, and I guess I've let it get too dry. Maybe you could bring that in and sprinkle it down to suit yourself, and hang out some more things." She limped into the dining room, and sat down at the uncleared breakfast table. I saw her staring moodily at the toaster.

SHE certainly did have a lot of ironing. It was late afternoon before I was through with it. She gave me a radiant smile as I was ready to leave, her gloomy mood of the forenoon apparently vanished. "Look, Mattie, at this wonderful roast—" She opened the oven a crack.

"M-m-m-m—" I sniffed, "and dressing, too! You always were a good cook, June. They say that's the way to make a husband happy."

"Oh, Brick will be happy; I'm determined that he shall. But sometimes I don't think he fully appreciates this lovely house Jim built. He tried to get me to rent it, and move into another house. Imagine, with this place already mine, and paid for. Why, only this morning, Brick grumbled that he couldn't turn around in this house without

some gadget hitting him in the eye. Just because he forgot, and stepped on the automatic shower button in the bathroom floor, and got his clothes wet. I try to tell him, it wasn't only Jim's inventions, it was his kindness and thoughtfulness as well." She was stirring up some quick rolls, and paused a moment to stare out the window, her eyes misty with her thoughts.

"Sometimes, it's better to let the dead have their peace," I muttered, but she started running the mixer, and didn't hear me.

The next day, Mr. Saunders called me on the phone. He said he wanted me to do the laundry regularly, every week, in case June forgot to call me. "I don't intend to do the washing myself," he said, "I'm not handy man around the house, I can tell you that—so you come, will you?"

Things went on like that for several weeks. About the time I'd come to do the laundry, he'd be leaving for work. He was foreman at the mill in Junction City, and they say, a whiz for getting things done.

One day I was there when he had a half day free from his work. He was out in the back yard when I arrived, digging up a piece of ground, whistling away as the dirt flew from his shovel. After I started ironing, I could see him plainly from the open window. June was down in the basement, putting away some blankets, and as she came up onto the landing, she gave a little scream.

"Brick!—don't dig that, darling! It's where Jim planted all those imported Holland tulip bulbs. He used to win prizes at flower shows and things." She hurried out into the yard.

I was waiting for the iron to cool to iron some rayons, so, naturally, I watched them. He didn't turn around for a moment, just leaned on his shovel, sort of pressing it deeper into the ground. "Well, honey, we live here now," he said slowly, "and I'm not much of a one for flower shows. I'm going to dig this up, and put fertilizer on it, ready for a vegetable garden next spring. I've always wanted to try my luck at vegetables." So saying, he began digging again, and worst of all, whistling.

JUNE just stood there watching for a moment, her face getting red and then white, by turns. Then she came running into the kitchen. "About through, Mattie?" she asked, in a brittle voice. She sat down at the work table and all at once, began to cry. "Oh, the sacrilege of it! Radishes and spinach all over the place where those lovely, lovely flowers were!"

I walked over and quietly closed the window, being careful not to get my head in the way of the automatic air-cooler, which sometimes came loose and fell out. That's how it was I was standing at the window and saw Brick suddenly slam down his shovel with all his might. He stomped over to the garage and started to open it. But he must have stepped on the button that would open the overhead door without lifting a finger, because the door flew up and hit him in the face. It was his own fault, in a way, because he was standing too close.

But I never heard such swearing. Pretty soon, he backed the car out of the garage, and shot down the driveway, and out into the street. June had gone into the bedroom and shut the door. I sighed; such a lovely, lovely little house. What had come over it to make two people so unhappy?

The next time I came, I asked Brick quietly to disconnect the automatic bell-timer and flashing light on the washer. It made me nervous and, besides, I was afraid it would get out of order again.

He grinned at me, and winked. "Don't know as I blame you," he said, "I had to remove the garage doors to keep from getting my head knocked off, and it keeps me broke having my clothes pressed from drenching under that shower, to say nothing of being hit in the small of my back every time I go through the kitchen screen door!"

But in spite of his joking, I noticed a growing coolness between them and soon he wasn't even kissing her goodbye.

June's mother and I talked it over one afternoon while we had some hot chocolate and cookies. June's mother was a quiet, gentle little woman, reminding me of a dove. She didn't want to interfere; but we agreed that something would have to be done.

Next morning, we waited until we were sure he'd be gone to work, and then walked down to June's place.

She was still sitting at the uncleared breakfast table, just staring into space. I saw traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" asked her mother.

June didn't answer at first, just pressed the wet ball of her handkerchief to her nose. When she spoke, her voice was muffled.

"Oh, I'm all right—I guess—but you might as well know. Everything —simply *everything* — has gone wrong—" She covered her face with her hands.

I sat down on the window seat, and June's mother drew up a chair close to June. "Oh, now, it can't be quite that bad. Nothing is," she began gently.

"Maybe I'd better go," I suggested, not getting up.

June blew her nose. "No, Mattie. You've heard so much already. You might as well hear the rest of it."

IT seemed that the day had started wrong, for one thing. The alarm hadn't rung, so they'd overslept. And, in her hurry, June had let his eggs fry too hard, and was called to the phone right in the midst of getting breakfast on. When she came back, there was a regular column of smoke coming from the toaster. Brick was just looking at it, a peculiar smile on his face.

"You'd think he'd have at least taken the bread out, or something," she wailed.

Then he had started muttering, "Oh, he couldn't leave it the way the manufacturer made it. No; he had to improve—" And then he had yanked the toaster from its moorings and flung it across the room, bread and all. His face got fiery red, and June said it frightened her, the way he looked, his hair

standing up on his head, and his eyes sort of narrowed.

"He said he was sick of living in Jim Hawley's house, and with Jim Hawley looking over his shoulder all the time, even when he shaved," sobbed June. "That's on account of that double-duty shaving mirror that folds up into a bathroom tray. He said he couldn't possibly be a model husband, and if I didn't want him the way he was, well, okay then—" A shuddering sigh went through her, and she wiped her eyes. "He said a lot of other things, too—that he'd always wanted a home of his own—he grew up in his aunt's home, you know—but now he lived in a haunted house, with another man — imagine!—" She stood up suddenly. "I guess he meant he never wanted to see me again, either, because he stormed out, and I don't know—" She ran into the bedroom and flung herself across the bed.

Her mother followed her, and I went quietly home to finish Mrs. Bemis' ironing.

Things had come to a sad climax. June moved in with her mother and listed her house for sale. It looked lonely and forlorn with the sign on it, as if no one cared. I heard from some of my ladies, that Mr. Saunders was living at the workman's boarding house over at Junction City, and it was rumored that he was soon to leave permanently.

June's mother got thin and pinched-looking, from worry. She blamed herself; said she should have told June, plain out, in the beginning, to leave Jim Hawley's virtues buried with him. And I felt that maybe I should have done something, or said something, before it was too late, and I scorched two of Professor Midgley's white shirts, thinking about it.

So I was mighty surprised, one evening, when Mr. Saunders came to my kitchen door.

HE came in and sat down. "Mrs. Merkley," he said, looking at me steadily, "do you think you could talk to me about something, and keep it confidential?"

Then, as I started to answer, he went on, "Well, it doesn't make any difference. Everyone will find out, anyway. The thing is, I've been offered a big promotion by the company. But it means a transfer, to South America. What I want to know, do you think you can get June to see me? I just can't leave without seeing her again. I—Mattie, I love her, and every time I go there, she refuses even to come into the room. Her mother can't influence her, either." He began to walk up and down the kitchen. "Hang it all, she's my wife. Maybe I did say some things I—but there's a limit to what a man can—"

"Yes, yes, of course," I interrupted, "now, you just sit down by the table while I make us some chocolate. I baked buns today."

As we sat there, I was wondering what on earth I could do. He had only two days left, and June is of a determined nature. I didn't know if I could do anything at all.

He was just starting on his fourth bun when the phone rang. It was June, speaking guardedly. "Mattie, I think I saw Brick's car drive into your yard a little while ago. Be care-

ful how you answer, I don't want him to know it's me."

"Yes."

"Is it true that he's going to South America? Mother heard it at the store, but I can't believe it."

"Yes."

"Mattie, for goodness sake! Well, do you think he'd think it odd if I should come over there?"

"Not necessarily."

She hung up, before I'd said goodbye.

It wasn't any time until she knocked, and then opened my door, peeking in. I saw that she'd put on her new dress, but her lipstick was smeared by a hurried finger.

"Mattie, my mother sent over this cake tin she borrowed—oh—I didn't know—you had company—"

A deep blush began to spread up over her neck and face, as she handed me one of her mother's own pie tins.

Brick started toward her, the grin trembling over his face. "June, honey, I—" his voice got sort of raspy. She couldn't speak, either; they just looked at each other, a look that had everything in it. Her big blue eyes got misty bright, and he held out his arms.

Well, I saw that it was no place for Mathilda Merkely. I slipped out the door, and over to her mother's with the pie tin.

Eventually, Jim's place was sold. A truck gardener bought it and planted the whole thing in cabbages, front and back. They say his six children swarmed over the house, and broke all of Jim's inventions in no time. A good thing, too; Jim Hawley was a good man; he wouldn't want to spend eternity haunting his old home.

Brick and June are still in Caracas. Her mother showed me a picture of their baby, yesterday.

Norma Wrathall, Murray, Utah, has contributed stories, articles, and poetry to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her story "All That Glitters" was awarded first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1942. Her work reveals a deep and sure understanding of her characters and a delightful mastery of plot and dialogue, and these elements of successful literary technique are revealed in the following stories: "You Are Never Alone" (November 1945); "The Luxury of Giving" (November 1946); "It's Up to the Women" (June 1949); "A New Stove for Mother" (April 1948); and "Music in the Home" (August 1949). Mrs. Wrathall's interesting and informative article "Grantsville and the Desert" appeared in April 1949, and she has had several poems published in the *Magazine*.

Mrs. Wrathall writes a brief note regarding her family and her hobbies:

"I was born in Grantsville, and have lived there most of my life thus far. While in Grantsville, I served in various Church and community activities. About a year ago, we moved to Murray. At present, I am literature class leader for the Murray Fifth Ward Relief Society.

"My hobbies are writing, music, and reading, but as my family always comes first, I don't have much time for other things. As every mother knows, the work of caring for a family leaves little of the peace and quiet required for creative work!

"My husband is Morris Y. Wrathall. We have four children, two boys and two girls, in ages from nineteen to three years. Our older children are active in the organizations of the Church."

Relief Society Building News

The names of the following mission and mission branches have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas.

BRITISH MISSION

Accrington Branch, Liverpool District
Airdrie Branch, Scottish District
Barnsley Branch, Sheffield District
Belfast Branch, Irish District
Birmingham Branch, Birmingham District
Blackburn Branch, Liverpool District
Bradford Branch, Leeds District
Bristol Branch, Bristol District
Burnley Branch, Liverpool District
Bury Branch, Manchester District
Castleford Branch, Leeds District
Cheltenham Branch, Bristol District
Darlington Branch, Newcastle District
Denton Branch, Manchester District
Derby Branch, Nottingham District
Dewsbury Branch, Leeds District
Doncaster Branch, Sheffield District
Dublin Branch, Irish District
Dundee Branch, Scottish District
Edinburgh Branch, Scottish District
Glasgow Branch, Scottish District
Grimsby Branch, Hull District
Halifax Branch, Leeds District
Hull Branch, Hull District
Hyde Branch, Manchester District
Kidderminster Branch, Birmingham District
Leeds Branch, Leeds District
Leicester Branch, Nottingham District
Liverpool Branch, Liverpool District
Lowestoft Branch, Norwich District
Middlesborough Branch, Newcastle District
Nelson Branch, Liverpool District
Newcastle Branch, Newcastle District
Northampton Branch, Birmingham District
North London Branch, London District
Norwich Branch, Norwich District
Nottingham Branch, Nottingham District
Nuneaton Branch, Birmingham District
Oldham Branch, Manchester District
Preston Branch, Liverpool District
Rochdale Branch, Manchester District
St. Albans Branch, London District
Sheffield Branch, Sheffield District
South London Branch, London District
South Shields Branch, Newcastle District
Stockport Branch, Manchester District
Stroud Branch, Bristol District
Sunderland Branch, Newcastle District
Varteg Branch, Welsh District
West Hartlepool Branch, Newcastle District
Wigan Branch, Liverpool District

Oriental China, Ancient and Modern

PART I—CHINESE

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

Like bright moons, cunningly carved and dyed with spring water;
Like curling disks of thinnest ice, filled with green clouds;
Like ancient moss-eaten bronze mirrors, lying upon the mat;
Like tender lotus leaves, full of dewdrops, floating on the river!

THUS an ancient Chinese poet described the porcelain cups made for presentation to the Emperor. The Emperor held high standards of artistic perfection. The porcelains made for his use must "surpass hoar frost and snow," have surfaces so hard that they could not be scratched by a knife, be pure and translucent and, when struck on the edge, they must ring with a low jade note. Such, through the centuries, have remained the sterling qualities of porcelain.

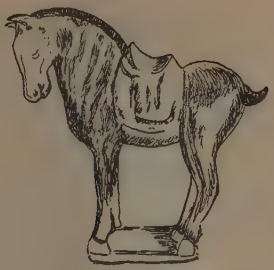
From time immemorial beautiful tablewares and decorative pieces have issued from countless little pottery kilns all over China. They have been classified according to the reigning dynasty when they were produced, but some of them were made as early as 3,000 B.C. in the pre-dynastic times. During the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) the ceramic arts advanced in many ways, including form, color, and design. Glaze was then used, apparently for the first time, with the underlying body of the glaze usually red, but in the finished product, with the use of a transparent glaze, becoming brown or reddish brown in wares where the original glaze was not colored green by the use of copper.

In those ancient times, it was customary to bury the dead surrounded by pottery images of everything which they had treasured in life. Some of these graves have been opened and, to the delight of historians and artists alike, they reveal a complete story of the daily life of 2,000 years ago. The home of the deceased, his barnyard with its domestic animals, his garden, his musical instruments, tools, and weapons, the members of his household, all performing their accustomed tasks, are cunningly fashioned in clay.

The character modeled on the faces of these little creatures, the dignity and charm of the women, the playful humor of the children at their games and dances, the spirited horses, dogs, camels, cats, and even imaginary animals, all remain as evidence that the ancient Chinese potters were superb artists.

Such priceless pieces have found their way into museums. They are seldom for sale, and then, not at prices to suit the average purse.

Sometime between the Han dynasty and the great and powerful



POTTERY HORSE OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY (A.D. 618-906)

The horse is decorated with rare blue glaze and touches of red paint on the saddle. It represents the Bactrian horse, a type introduced into China by the Mongols.

T'ang regime (618-906), when China emerged as the most civilized of the nations, the beginning of porcelain making may be traced through the kaolinic gray stoneware which had a glaze of feldspar and wood ashes. Here also may be found the origins of the famous celadon green glazes (sea-green) which owed their color to iron impurities in the ceramic clays.

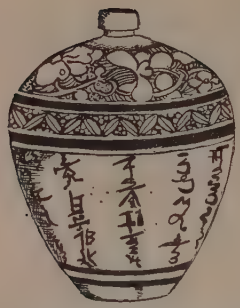
The exquisite potteries of the Sung dynasty (960-1279) are still regarded as the classic wares of China. This was a richly creative age in all the arts and many porcelain factories, under the sponsorship of powerful rulers, produced "imperial" ware of great beauty and durability. This age saw further experimentation with the lovely sea-green colors (the ch'ing luster). Also in some of the glazes, a "bubble" surface was produced and in others a "crackle" effect was obtained by immersing the hot articles in water or by some other method, including variations in the formula for mixing the clays. A very beautiful porcelain was made at Ting Chou in southern Chihli. This ware was flour-white Ting porcelain, slightly translucent, sometimes blending into ivory or cream tinted. It was exquisitely decorated with incised or carved designs, usually in floral patterns. The peculiar blackish stoneware of Chien was made in large quantities during the Sung period. Many of these articles were made with a lustrous purple glaze, sometimes flecked with streaks or spots of brown.

THE Chinese themselves have always loved best the wares of the Sung Dynasty and, with their great reverence for the past and the handiwork of their ancestors, they have continued to reproduce them with a skill that will deceive the experts.

The Sung Dynasty was overthrown by Kubla Khan and his Tartars who held the reins of government until the next great native dynasty—the Ming—was established in 1368. Hung-Wu, the founder of the Ming Dynasty, made the pottery works at Ching-te-chen the of-

PORCELAIN STEM-CUP OF THE SUNG DYNASTY (960-1279)

One of the three crimson fishes painted on the outside is shown.



DECORATED JAR OF THE SUNG DYNASTY

ficial factory, and thither came the best porcelain workers in the land. With their combined knowledge and skill, they soon became the first potters in the world to perfect a fine white porcelain with a transparent white glaze.

The paste from which this fine porcelain was fashioned was composed of white clay or kaolin, and feldspathic stone or *petuntse, as the* Chinese call it. Fired at a high temperature, the feldspathic stone fused, welding the piece together and giving it translucency. The glaze was composed of a solution of powdered feldspathic stone mixed with lime and plant ash. It is thought that the brilliance and clarity of the finest porcelain were obtained because of the exact quality of this ash. Porcelains of later periods appear dead white or glassy compared with Ming wares.

Only two colors were found which could withstand the extremely hot fire necessary to produce porcelain—the blue obtained from cobalt ores, and the blood-red obtained from copper. Decorations painted on the "biscuit," or unfired piece, and then fired together with the porcelain, are called "underglaze" decorations. It was this beautiful ware which became the wonder of the Western World when the Portuguese traders of the 1500's carried it to Europe. Soon the Dutch, English, and French were competing with the Portuguese, and an enormous trade was built up by the famous East India Company.

The Ming Dynasty ruled China for almost 300 years, and during this long period hundreds of varieties of artistic ceramic wares were produced. In addition to the blue and white, and red and white underglaze porcelains, marvelously thin "eggshell" porcelain made its appearance, pieces too delicate for export, with dragons, clouds, or waves and inscriptions, etched in the biscuit before firing, barely visible until the vessel was filled with liquid and held up to the light. The well-known "grain of rice" porcelain was an invention of the Ming period. To achieve this effect, perforations the shape of a grain of rice were made in the body of the china, and filled with melted glaze. When fired, they became like so many windows through which light passed.

Crackle was perfected, and the art of overglaze coloring. It was in the late sixteenth century that potters first adopted the device of taking a finished piece of blue and white porcelain and decorating it further with thin washes made of oxides of various metals ground up in glass, and refiring the piece at a lower heat, thus enlarging the color scheme to include green, purple,

yellow, an overglaze red, and lustrous black.

THE Ming Dynasty met its downfall at last, and during the political troubles of the seventeenth century the works at Ching-te-chen were destroyed more than once, but pottery-making went on. The traditional blue and white was continued with the greatest skill. The old ways of glazing were carried on to perfection, until, during the Ch'ing Dynasty of the Manchus which ruled China from 1662 to 1910, and, more particularly, during the period from 1662 to 1800, such quantities of desirable pieces were made and carried to Europe and America by the East India company, that about three-fourths of the fine Chinese wares in museums and private collections can be ascribed to this period.

K'ang Hsi, the first of the Ch'ing monarchs, was contemporary with Louis XIV of France. Relations between the two rulers were particularly cordial, and we know many of the lovely glazes of this era by their French names because of the respect in which they were held at the court of the "Grand Monarque." Sang-de-boeuf (ox-blood), peach bloom, turquoise blue, clair-de-lune, celadon (sea-green), are the so-called monochromes—small vases and bottles made in both underglaze and overglaze colors.

In the class called polychromes, fall the several so-called "families," also named by the French—"famille verte" (green), "famille rose," "famille noir" (black), and "famille jaune" (yellow). They were made by a combination of underglaze painting, and on-glaze decoration. As the names suggest, definite color schemes distinguished each "family." The colors applied by the underglaze method seem to belong to the body of the ware, while the on-glaze colors stand out in slight relief.

The polychromes presented a fertile field for the painter. Scenes from history and romance were favorite subjects, as well as birds and flowers and symbolic designs of every sort and description. The East India Company even took orders from their clients for china decorated with copies of engravings, coats-of-arms, elaborate floral borders, heavily gilded, in keeping with the ornate homes of the West—a far cry from the chaste simplicity of wares made for Chinese use.

BLUE and white underglaze porcelain reached the peak of perfection during the reign of K'ang

K'ANG HSI VASE, BLUE AND WHITE, WITH PRUNUS DESIGN (CH'ING DYNASTY 1644-1912)

The background of this exquisite vase is pure sapphire, with the design in white. The netted lines represent cracked ice. The prunus blossom falling on the breaking ice is a symbol of returning spring, and a favorite motif for wares of this period.

Hsi. The materials were refined over and over until they were extremely pure. The decoration was carefully painted in a clear sapphire blue, free from any strain of red, obtained only by the most elaborate process of refining. The crowning glory of this ware was the "hawthorne" design, really the prunus—a tree which shows blossoms before leaves, symbolic of the passing of winter, and the coming of spring. Used at first to decorate small ginger jars sent by the Chinese as New Year's gifts, it became so popular with Westerners that sets of five prunus jars were made to grace mantles, and later to be used as lamp bases.

The export porcelain came to be known as Canton china, and, though much of it was not of the highest quality, very little of it was really bad. It was manufactured at Ching-te-chen, and sent to Canton to be decorated to suit European tastes. The quaint Lowestoft myth which ascribed some of this ware to the little pottery in Lowestoft, England, became so widespread, that even today, museum collections of Canton or "East India China," decorated in the Western manner are labeled "Lowestoft" or "Sino-Lowestoft."

Ever since the days of the East India Company, and the clipper ships, quantities of Canton china have entered into the commerce of the world. Seafaring husbands of New England brought it home to their wives, and every china shop in America stocks it. Though today China is again torn by strife, the factories are still producing and shipping this popular ware. The beloved wares of Sung and Ming times are still being reproduced, some of excellent quality, although, in general, Chinese porcelain is not as it used to be.

In My Father's House

Beatrice K. Ekman

She built her house of dreams,
A little here, a little there, each day;
Its roof gave shelter from the rain, its beams
Were strongest timebrs that no storm could sway;
The walls were square, the windowpanes were bright
With faith that shed a never-failing light;
Her friends who knew the courage she possessed,
Took heart from her example and were blessed.
This house of dreams, this faith that spurred her on,
Has it grown to be a mansion in the place where she has gone?

I Know Where You Are

Inez Bagnell

I just returned, Grandmother mine, from a trip. Yesterday, I went back half a century and visited with you in your old home in the mountains. I came home with a terrible urgency inside me to sit by your chair, hold your wrinkled hand in mine, and watch the smile on your face as I tell you that now I have seen the home that you loved, the one you have so often told me about, where you lived with your husband and children in the early years of your marriage. I want to tell you that *now* I understand.

I've tried to be appreciative as you told me of the things that constituted your happiness—your joy in working, and of waiting for your men to return from the long weary road of the freight wagon; the sorrow of newly dug graves. But I didn't really understand. Not then. I had to go there and see it all for myself.

I had to travel the arduous road you traveled in your wagon to your beautiful deserted valley in the pines. It is so far distant from cities that even our modern transportation has not bridged the distance to populate this lonely valley. I saw your log home, built by your husband's hands, beautiful in its solitude, with rock chimneys and spacious fireplaces, where I saw you and your family gathered on wintry nights. I saw the summer kitchen where you told me you made cheese, and under the hill, I found the rock cellar, cool as dawn, with rows and rows of empty shelves. While I looked at them they filled with your cheeses, your pans of milk and cream, and crocks of butter.

I know now the meaning of the smile I saw so many times, that lighted your face with its sightless eyes. You were, no doubt, tripping down the path to the well that I discovered all grown over with vines. The well your husband dug, all the while telling your children that when it was finished they must carry enough water from the creek to fill it. Down by that creek, I found the plot that was your vegetable garden. Unbelievable that there still remained under the tangle of weeds, faint tracings of rows made by your hoe!

I visioned the spot out back where you made your soap over a bonfire, then stood in the granary where you set it to dry. Looking out across your fields, once filled with grain, to your beloved mountains, I loved them, too. Beautiful hills, enclosing all the small homely things that were the composite of your happiness.

IT'S easy now, for me to understand your frugality—the hoarding of pins and needles, of scarred hairpins, old lace, and bits of thread. Your sight was gone before the plenty of today had arrived. You could not understand or believe in the luxury of stores where such small items were plentiful, for you had not seen them. You saw only the long weary road of the freight wagon, with every article a thing

to be used and re-used, hoarded and treasured.

I trudged up the hill to a small graveyard. There was a baby's grave, another of a boy barely grown to manhood. From under a mass of vines peered a headstone with the inscription "Husband." My heart ached and longed for you. All your happiness and security—gone. To spend your days sitting in darkness, comforted only by the figures of the past.

I hurried home that I might sit by your leather rocker and tell you I can see why you urged me desperately to grasp fully, now, the meaning of the treasures that are mine. I returned to your chair, worn slippers at its feet, your shawl thrown across the back. I know where you are, Grandma. You're back there making cheese in your summer kitchen, humming, looking toward the hills, listening for the sound of the wagons. I'm glad that you're happy now. For it was very hard for us to put the flowers on your new mound, come away so far, and leave you there with them again. And not even find you home to tell you that now I understand.

A Letter From Mother

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I know I do not convey to you by letter the depth of my love for you. It is very real. It fills me with great joy and pride and humility. That your union is happy and satisfying—that you both are learning the joy and the thrill of forgetting self in the love of each other is a greater pleasure for me than you can know.

It has always made me very proud and happy, dear young wife, that you do not shrink from motherhood. You are sort of the shrinking temperament, you know, but you are not running in a corner and hiding behind any "can'ts" or "don't want to's" when it comes to the main issues of life.

It would break my heart if you willfully cheated yourself out of the greatest, most satisfying experience of life and refused to go through the crucial test of motherhood, with all the duties and responsibilities it entails.

The most tragic picture to be painted of a human being is of someone unneeded. To me the word has a most lonesome, heartaching sound. One only need be a mother to be wanted as long as life exists. If we serve our children lovingly, sensibly, and with all of that great something within us which we term spirit, we cannot miss our reward. It will be daily, hourly, laid at our feet.

I am most grateful that you both feel that, even though you now have a son and a daughter, you still want to bring other spirits into this life to share the abundance of affection in your home. These precious souls can lead us straight back to the Father's kingdom, if we will let them.

Well, darlings, I have really poured out my heart tonight, haven't I? It is because I am filled with love for you.

MOTHER
Clara Horne Park

Early Spring Planting

Hazel D. Moyle

Deseret News Garden Editor

EARLY spring is actually a state of mind for any true garden-maker.

This temperamental season may arrive all bluster and storm, or it may steal quietly in like the proverbial lamb. It often appears in Utah's favored Dixie and other semi-tropical regions during February and, alas, it has been known to tarry far beyond all reasonable schedule of appearance in some of our higher mountain regions.

But, no matter the date, when the morning sky suddenly shows a deeper blue, when the buds begin to grow faster, when Nature is stirring and awakening from her long winter's rest, this is actually spring, no matter when it appears, the time for all good garden lovers to be up and about their business of garden-making.

For, although we cannot start all outdoor planting at the first hint of spring, there are some planting jobs that are best done the moment heavy freezing is over, and as soon as the ground has dried out enough so that it is workable.

This pleasant state of affairs varies in different locations, and also in different soils. Every garden-maker must judge for himself just when this important time has arrived. Do not wait for a blinding spring sun and blossoming flowers to revive your garden interest and, likewise, do not rush out too soon. Give your soil that old test which has been in use for generations to see if it is ready for your first spring planting job. Pick up a handful of the soil and press it into a firm ball, then let it fall to the ground. If it crumbles and falls apart, the ground is ready to work, but if it remains a firm ball of soil, then wait a few days longer until the ground has dried out further. Never dig or work the soil when it is too wet, for this only makes it hard and compact, and may ruin the ground for months.

The very first planting jobs, those actually demanding earliest spring planting, are deciduous trees, roses, lilacs, and many shrubs. By getting these plants in early we take advantage of Mother Nature's own generous help in getting them started. She will supply copious gentle rains, and perhaps a light snow or two, and cool, moist air. She will also hand out a gradually warming sun to coax the sap gently up into top growth and to help new feeding roots to grow. Under such favorable growing conditions the new plants will soon be established and ready to send out new growth.

To be sure, you can plant roses and lilacs and trees all during the later spring season, but these later plantings in some regions will demand your attention with the garden hose. Some such later plantings will start growing in spite of the ever-warming sun, which will demand good circluation of sap in

Photograph courtesy Jackson & Perkins Co., Newark, New Jersey

NEW HYBRID TEA ROSE VALIANT

Originator, E. S. Boerner, Newark, New Jersey

Propagation Rights Reserved

A rose that is sure to find its way into every rose lover's garden is the new luminous red hybrid tea rose Valiant, for this rose seems to have every good point one looks for in an outstanding garden rose.

The buds, which are borne on straight, stiff stems, are large, extremely long, and exquisitely formed, with the first two petals reflexed just enough to add even greater charm to this true exhibition type flower.

Photograph by Willard Luce

IRIS IN A HOME GARDEN

the top branches, but the weaker plants will be slow in starting, and this is where we have so many casualties. Such late plants often fail to grow unless they have extra attention. So, by all means take advantage of Mother Nature's help and plan to follow her time schedule, for she waits for no man.

In planting trees and shrubs and roses, be sure to dig a hole much deeper and wider than is necessary to take your plant. Loosen the soil in the bottom with the fork and work in some kind of soil improver and fertilizer. Old, well-rotted manure is always ideal for supplying actual food for the plant. Use your finest loamy soil near the roots, and mix in humus, peat moss, or garden compost. This will help to get new roots started. Do not place manure in direct contact with the roots. It should always be placed below or above the new roots.

Work fine soil well in around the root system, and then tamp firmly, using your foot. The soil should be firmly pressed so that no air pockets are left. Add moisture *after* the roots are well covered and firmly tamped, and before the hole is entirely filled. Be generous with a good soaking, and allow this to seep away before filling up the hole. Leave a saucer-like depression to hold water, especially when planting trees and shrubs. Roses should have a mound of soil over their tops to keep the branches from being dried. This should be removed as soon as warmer weather arrives and when the leaves begin to open. A two-inch mulch of manure on the surface will help roses to become

Photograph courtesy Jackson & Perkins Co., Newark, New Jersey

HYBRID TEA ROSE SONATA

Photograph by Willard Luce

SHASTA DAISIES

An old-fashioned, but ever-popular perennial

quickly established, this to be applied as soon as the mounded soil is removed.

There are also warnings concerning the treatment of established perennials in early spring. Do not rush out to uncover these hardy plants the first day of March. Do this work gradually. First, merely loosen the winter debris, then wait a few days before raking up and cleaning your flower beds.

Seeds of various annuals should be planted in boxes of fine soil and kept indoors in some warm spot until they have germinated. These are best shifted out into a cold frame or other glass-covered place as soon as the little plants are well up. They need cool air, good circulation, and plenty of light in order to do well. Most indoor rooms cannot supply these light, cool conditions.

Yes, indeed, March is an important gardening month, the time when we can actually create beauty for not only the entire season, but also for years to come!

The Enjoyment of Literature

Anna Prince Redd

THE enjoyment of literature is primarily the source from which all its other values spring, writes Louise M. Rosenblatt in her book *Literature as Exploration*. And I am convinced that this is so, and that if we are to come into our literary heritage we must accept literature, not as something aesthetic and apart from the sphere of present-day living, but as a very real part of it. And the very pleasure that we derive comes from the realization that it has other functions as well. Thus, once we are initiated into the pure enjoyment of it, the broader aims will take care of themselves.

There is today, perhaps more than ever before, a keen demand for preparation for better living, not as a *future* way of life, but as a shock absorber for the impact of present-day social and economic troubles.

I have a vivid memory of my own adjustment to the adult successes and failures of my adolescent world. The child of an invalid father, at times I could not have endured with grace the hard work and financial uncertainty of our lives, could I not have fled to a hilltop, and there, propped against my special giant pine, have read of the woes of girls less fortunate than myself. Nor have I forgotten my literary explorations of my eighth grade year. Coming of pioneer stock, I could understand why the good Vicar of Wakefield *"chose his wife as she chose her wedding dress, not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well."* My own stubby-toed shoes were bought for that very reason, as well as the long, itchy homespun yarn stockings I had, of necessity, learned to knit to wear with them! I recall still the glow of satisfaction I derived in reading for the first time how Christ admonished the rich young ruler to give his riches to the poor and follow him.

The teaching of literature involves, whether we are conscious of it or not, the indoctrination of ethical values. We pass judgment on the characters encountered in fiction in exact proportion as they are consistent or in harmony with our own experiences. When we have been really moved by a work of literature we are led to ponder on the questions of right and wrong, of admirable social qualities of justifiable or unjustifiable actions, and to seek understanding of the author's motives. He in turn, wants to have us understand his people, no matter how we may dislike or distrust them, no matter how we may love and admire them. He seeks to bring to the reader's consciousness certain images of things, people, action, scenes. The special meanings—and more especially the submerged meanings—that these words and images have for the reader will largely determine what the work will communicate

(Continued on page 121)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

SALT LAKE HERALD: The Semi-Weekly Herald is now the largest, brightest and most enterprising paper published in Utah. It consists of 8 pages, and is shortly to be re-enlarged. The Herald publishes the most standard current stories by special arrangement with the authors; containing many illustrated features; has the exclusive rights to Bill Nye's letters; maintains a regular telegraphic correspondent in Washington, and receives weekly letters from the celebrated correspondent Frank G. Carpenter. Special attention is paid to market reports and agricultural news; and a prominent feature will be made of religious news, the tabernacle services being regularly reported, while prominent sermons of the leading church authorities are given in full. In politics The Herald stands as it has ever stood, the firm and undeviating champion of the rights of the people of Utah.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Woman's sphere is bounded only
By the talents God has given,
And her duty lies wherever
Earth can be made more like heaven.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM: The star of Bethlehem will again be visible in this year, being its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in 315 years and is of wondrous brilliance for the space of three weeks; then it wanes and disappears after seventeen months. It will be a sixth star added to the five fixed*** in the constellation Cassiopea while it remains in sight.

UTAH STAKE: Minutes of the Relief Society Conference of Utah Stake held Nov. 30th, 1880. Sister John presiding. Pres. John said, "I am thankful to meet with you and I am pleased with the remarks that are made. Woman's position will be advanced from this time; our Savior talked with Eve and also with Sarah and Mary. Joseph revealed the doctrine that we had a mother in heaven. Christ first appeared to woman after his crucifixion; that shows how she was viewed by him. Woman is entitled to be equal with man, every key of the priesthood that man has, woman can enjoy with her husband.—C. Daniels, Sec.

NOTES AND NEWS: Not long since a Spanish artist was commissioned to paint a portrait of the baby King Alfonso. This he did, and when the painting was completed presented his bill for $20,000. The Queen Regent, Christina, objected, saying the price was too extravagant. The artist expressed his regrets that his terms were too high for the royal purse, and begged her majesty to accept the picture as a gift. The Queen, highly indignant, wrote a check at once.

FEAR NOT, ZION: It often happens that the destiny of a people, or a nation, is worked out very differently in its development and fulfillment from what was expected or anticipated by the wisest men and philosophers, who have made predictions concerning that which would be likely to transpire; but God's plans never fail and His decrees must come to pass; notwithstanding the dark clouds that hang about the horizon today.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ELIZABETH D. TATE celebrated her 95th birthday on December 9th. A life-long worker in Church activities, Mrs. Tate has also loved memorizing poems and hymns. Born in Tooele, this pioneer woman is mother of fourteen sons and daughters, and has 70 grandchildren, 118 great-grandchildren, and nine great-great grandchildren.

A recent survey by the Population Reference Bureau discloses that the women graduated from 112 colleges in 1924 have produced during these twenty-five years an average of only 1.26 children apiece. This figure is forty per cent short of the replacement requirement rate of 2.1 children per married couple (the 1% being the casualty average before adulthood). The Brigham Young University women set the highest record in the country—an average of 2.45 children. The Utah State Agricultural College at Logan came second with a 2.3 rating. Eighth highest was the University of Utah with an average of 1.93, giving Utah a considerable lead over any other state. "Does A.B. mean 'Abolish Babies?' " the Bureau asks.

IN an international rural youth exchange program, Utah has sent as its delegate Josephine Daines, outstanding 4-H Club member and graduate of Utah State Agricultural College, who will live on a farm in Holland with a Dutch family.

SIXTEEN Utah 4-H Club girls won blue ribbon awards on their home economics exhibits in the Pacific International Livestock Exposition in Portland, Oregon, last fall.

OUR Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, Vesta Pierce Crawford, has again received a literary award. This time she has won the $100 prize for the best Christmas story entered in the *Deseret News* contest, with her offering, "Christmas Comes to Jenny." This is a delicate story of a child's heart, told sympathetically, yet with artistic indirection. Last year, Mrs. Crawford won the prize for the best Christmas poem. The poem award this year was won by Dorothy J. Roberts. An offering of strength and beauty, it is titled "Two Ways From Nazareth." Mrs. Roberts' poetry is well known to readers of the *Magazine* as she has twice won first place in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and her frontispieces and other exquisite poems have added much to the quality of the *Magazine*. Her work is characterized by originality and accomplished craftsmanship.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 FEBRUARY 1950 NO. 2

On the Spending of Time

"LIVE each day as if it were your last" is advice weighted with import. No one to whom this counsel comes knows but that the present day may be his last, that his time on this earth may be on the brink of running out.

When one's earthly time is gone, one will then find that his entire future life depends upon how his earth time was spent. Sometimes the phrase "spending time" may not be spoken with true understanding, for time, like money, may be spent in different amounts for varying returns. It may be frittered away, squandered, wasted, hoarded, hang heavy on one's hands, or be given away and bring a great reward. Brigham Young advised: "Now, sisters . . . you will readily see that time is all the capital stock there is on earth; and you should consider your time golden, it is actually wealth."

Some people spend time with a profligate hand. Too few seem to sense time's real value. The wise spending of time is the best insurance for eternity. The loving and necessary duties of everyday living exact much time, but repay the conscientious spender with deepest satisfaction and joy. The time which remains to each person over and above necessary duties, if wisely spent, rewards the doer with rich bonuses. There are many worthwhile ways in which this "leisure" time may be used to great advantage. Two which may be particularly mentioned are in seeking wisdom and serving others. The scriptures are replete with admonitions as to what constitutes wisdom and how it may be gained.

Solomon pleased the Lord by asking for wisdom and knowledge. Because he did not seek riches, wealth or honor, nor long life, the Lord granted him wisdom and knowledge to which he added riches, wealth, and honor—such as none of the kings had had who lived before him, nor were any kings thereafter to have the like. Anyone who spends time seeking wisdom is buying rare treasure indeed.

In serving one's fellow man, one spends time to earn the reward spoken of by the Savior when he promised he would say to those on his right hand when he came in glory:

> Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me (Matt. 25:34-36).

The more one spends time in living the second great commandment to love one's neighbors as himself,

the more valuable does his time become. These two activities, with other worthwhile occupations, if engaged in during leisure time, increase the value of one's time many fold.

As the shadows of the years lengthen for an individual, time seems to accelerate. Hours which crept in youth now flow in an ever-swifter-moving stream. The remembrance of past indolence and useless or even harmful pastimes returns to bear down with heaviness upon the spirit, and one echoes the wise words of Thoreau, "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity."

To spend time wisely, then, let each person scrutinize his days and minutes in the light of Christ's example of the perfect life, opening his purse of time with prudence, and weighing out for any purchase only an amount of time equal to the eternal value to be bought.

M. C. S.

CONGRATULATIONS TO PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN

On Her Birthday—February 7th

RELIEF Society women in all the stakes and missions of the Church extend congratulations and best wishes to President Amy Brown Lyman. Her birthday is an occasion for remembering and reflecting upon her years of service to the women of the Church, a time for recalling the intellectual vigor and spiritual strength of her leadership.

It has been well said that one's life may be as wide and as beautiful as one's influence for good may extend. Sister Lyman, Relief Society's only living former general president, continues to demonstrate an active interest in the welfare and progress of the women of the Church. After a long period of service, which included the exacting and responsible duties of general secretary-treasurer, counselor, and general president, she is still enthusiastically engaged in Relief Society work, serving at present as literature class leader in her own ward (the East Twenty-seventh) in Salt Lake City. Sister Lyman maintains, also, her interest in social welfare, community problems, and in cultural and educational activities. Much appreciation, outstanding recognition, and many honors have come to her, but Sister Lyman values most highly the joy which comes through service in Relief Society.

Entertaining On Valentine's Day

Elizabeth Williamson

HOLIDAYS seem to inspire entertaining because they are the occasions which bring our friends together. St. Valentine's Day is especially gay and romantic, a day which lends itself to showers honoring a bride-to-be, guests from out of town, special friends, or just a good get-together. Whether you decide on a formal or informal luncheon, your friends will enjoy the color and atmosphere of this festive day.

If you have decided on a rather formal affair, you will want your best lace tablecloth and ruby red glass. Goblets, candelabra, and cupids will decorate your table. Dainty corsages of pink and white carnations can be used to mark each place.

MENU

A large, heart-shaped, molded salad
Tiny hot biscuits
A hot casserole, if desired
Angel cake, beverage, mints

For an informal gathering, you may want to serve buffet style and let your guests find their places at small tables which have been set up. It will be fun to use kindly comic valentines as place cards to see if your friends can identify their own personalities. There can be informal quiz contests, stunts, and games. The tables can be

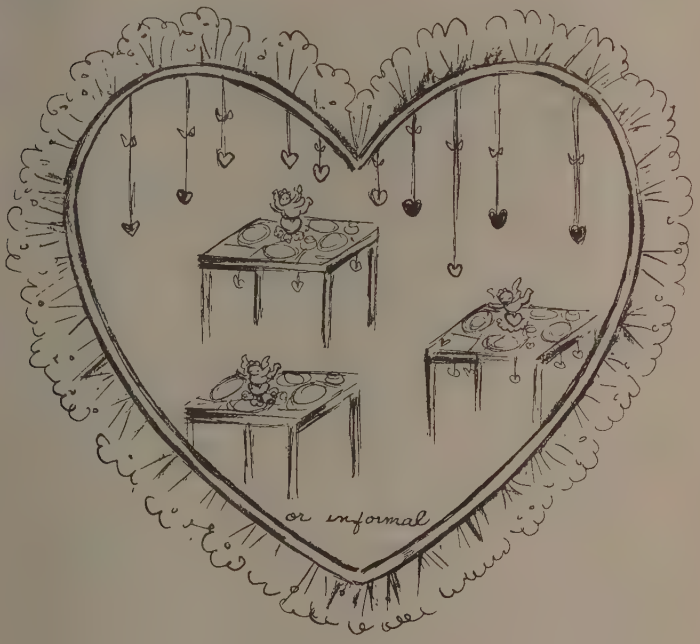
decorated attractively with lace paper place mats or doilies. Cupids, hearts, or flowers make attractive and appropriate centerpieces. All these may be made at home or purchased in the dime store.

MENU

If the weather suggests warm food, a large tureen of steaming soup, red, for the occasion, will be welcome. Tomato soup would be most appropriate.

Individual molded salads, heart-shaped, or red gelatin, sliced, with the dressing made into a heart.

A warm casserole
Cup cakes decorated with a valentine motif
Sherbet
Beverage



Memo To An Old Love

LeRoy Burke Meagher

I thought that we had settled all
My debts for loving you,
And that my last receipt had read
There was no balance due.
But you forgot to gather up
These hills we climbed last spring,
The apple orchard where we kissed,
The songs we used to sing.
So will you please return at once
And carry out your part;
I hate unfinished business . . . and—
P.S. . . . Bring back my heart.

Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

Chapter 2

Synopsis: Edith Ashe, a widow, forty-seven, living with her son Kit, overhears his wife Annette complain that she cannot stand the self-pity of her mother-in-law another day. Edith has three more sons but none with whom she can live, no money, and no income. In answer to an advertisement she obtains the position as companion to an elderly woman.

THE house at 1218 Walnut Street was of dark stone, formidable and faintly reminiscent of an ancient castle from the semi-turret rising at one end of the flagstone terrace. Ivy, black with sapless age and the soot of winter, spread bony fingers toward the steeply slanted roof. Great windows stared coldly out on the patches of ragged snow that had survived the winds of March.

Edith Ashe's hands were icy with nervousness and her heart fluttered in her throat as the cab drew up in front of the wrought iron gate. Only the fact that she had come this far and could think of no graceful means of retreating kept her from instructing the driver to take her back to the shelter and modern comfort of Kit's home.

The cab driver carried her bag up the steps, received his pay, and was gone. Edith remained terribly alone before the plate-glass door, dreading the moment when it should open, longing to take her bag even now, and leave. There was no sound through the thick walls, but suddenly the door swung open. Edith half expected to see a maid, austerely starched and stiffly capped, but the woman who opened the door was dressed in a percale print house dress, with an ample apron, and her hair still up in curlers.

"Come right in," she said. "I'll call Mr. Lewis. He's upstairs packing—has to be away on that nine o'clock train. He don't drive his car on these long trips. Land, but I'm glad you got here before he left. His mother hasn't had a companion for a week and I've had my hands full trying to run the house and take care of her, too. The last one she had up and left in the night."

Edith sat gingerly on the leather davenport while the woman climbed the stairs and bustled out of sight. She was aware of a feeling of acute discomfort in the large room. Part of it was her resistance against being here at all, waiting like a menial to see if she would do, and part of it was from the ugliness in the room. Not the room itself, Edith admitted grudgingly. The lines and space were good, with a stair curving gracefully up from one end, in the other a fireplace that was a dream in old tile and fine, polished wood.

Chandeliers gleamed with a million cut glass prisms of light, and on one side of the fireplace, in the alcove made by the semi-turret, there was a grand piano, a really good one Edith knew by the make. Good carpeting, in a brocaded pattern in soft tones, stretched from wall to wall and up the stairs.

But the whole effect was ruined by the furniture, great square pieces from an era of discomfort and ugliness, neither smartly modern as Annette's was, nor tastefully period, as Edith's own furniture which was stored away.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine her furniture in this room, but could see only the hideous, battleship gray that someone had painted the walls and woodwork, and the lank draperies that were obviously not meant to pull across the magnificent plate glass of the windows.

She was puzzling over the dual personality of this room when Mr. Lewis came down the stairs. He moved swiftly and came toward Edith with his hand outstretched. It seemed natural for her to shake hands with him. He took a chair opposite and began to talk, not hurriedly, but efficiently, and with the authority of a man who is used to relegating services.

"I am so glad you came," he began. "I hope you will like my mother. She is a dear person, but aged and slow. Of course you will help and entertain her, but you will have considerable free time as she sleeps much, especially in the afternoon. Your salary will be thirty-five dollars a week. She will make out your check—and any others for medicine and supplies you feel necessary. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes, entirely," said Edith icily. She was prickling with indignation at being so neatly dispatched—as if she were a business matter, evaluated, labeled, and properly filed. Yet he had not asked for her references, nor led her into revealing conversation.

"There is another matter," he went on, hesitating. "My daughter Linnie will be home from Boston where she has been studying music—voice, during the winter. She is to be married in June. I regret having to be away at this time, but it is necessary that I make a tour of a chain of stores that I own. It will take me a month or six weeks, and it will be difficult to get in touch with me, in case—"

"If I can do anything to help her—" began Edith politely, seeing him flounder for words.

"That is what I hoped you would say. Mother is not equal to any responsibility. Amanda is willing, and a good worker, though not too happy with our household, I'm afraid. I should like to keep her, but there are some things Linnie might need other help about. You are an intelligent woman, Mrs. Ashe. You will be virtual head of the house in my absence. Feel free to take the initiative in anything you think should be done."

EDITH caught her breath. "I'll do my best," she said, flushing at the man's flattering observation. "How dare you place so much trust in a total stranger?"

He looked at her quizzically. "A stranger?" he said softly. "I have never seen you before, Mrs. Ashe, but I hardly feel that Marvin Ashe's widow could be much of a stranger to me. He brought my daughter Linnie into the world, was our family doctor for years, and I have always felt that if I had had him instead of the doctor I had, I would

not have lost my wife. She died eighteen years ago, when Linnie was two."

"Oh," said Edith. "I thought—I wondered—"

"I regret having to hurry through this interview," he said. "I think I had better take you up and introduce you to my mother, and then I must be on my way. My cab will be here in five minutes."

Mrs. Lewis' eyes were bright with nervousness, and two small, pink spots showed in her withered cheeks when they entered the room. She looked not unlike a small, frightened bird. Edith, still light-headed at the turn of the conversation, was moved to quick compassion. She took the old lady's hand and gave her a reassuring smile after the amenities were done. She could feel the tension go out of the bony hand.

"It's all right, Cory," Mrs. Lewis piped. "She'll do fine. You go now, or you'll miss your train."

His going was like release from a dynamo. Edith stood, uncertain how to begin.

"Put your things in that next room," Mrs. Lewis told her. "And then you can help me with my bath."

The room was a drab oblong with nondescript furnishings and a worn rug. Edith had no interest in it except as a place to sleep. Mrs. Lewis' room was crowded with old-fashioned pieces Edith guessed to be remnants of her own housekeeping days. The bathroom adjoining was modern and looked very new.

"Cory built it for me," explained Mrs. Lewis. "His father passed on a year ago, and I came here to spend the rest of my days. He brought me here from the hospital after I had my accident."

Certainly only the power of Mr. Lewis' personality lured her to stay, Edith thought ruefully, because it was already apparent that what Mrs. Lewis really needed was a nurse. She was confined to her room, almost to her bed by age and a "bad leg"—the relic of a broken hip that had failed to knit properly. She could get about the room with crutches with difficulty, and could get to the bathroom, but Edith had practically to lift her in and out of the tub. Her bed must be made while she combed her hair, knotting it on top of her head in a sketchy bun with two or three bone hairpins. The endlessly slow ritual took all morning. At noon Amanda brought two trays of food, instead of one.

"They usually eat with her," she informed Edith.

Lunch over, the old lady lay back in bed while Edith sat in the Morris chair not knowing whether she should read, leave the room, or just sit. Once Mrs. Lewis opened her eyes, looking directly at Edith as if divining the question in her mind.

"It's terrible to get old and be a burden, and to be helpless so that you can do nothing—you can't even die."

"Oh! You shouldn't feel that way," protested Edith, remembering guiltily that she had felt very similarly less than twenty-four hours ago, and with much less reason. "Your son is very fond of you."

"Yes, I guess he is. Cory's a good boy, but he's gone so much and this house is lonesome with nobody in

it that cares about a person."

Edith's amusement over the mature, fiftyish man, Cory, being a "good boy," was pricked by this rather direct accusation, because certainly, especially this early in the acquaintanceship, it could not be said that she cared about Mrs. Lewis.

"Mr. Lewis says that your granddaughter is coming home in a few days," she offered.

THE old lady's face brightened so suddenly that it was like a glimpse into another personality.

"Linnie," she said, "there's a good deal I could do for Linnie that would make life worth living, if I wasn't so old and useless. The living have no time for the dead, though."

She closed her eyes on this morose statement and her face resumed the lines of patient despair.

Downstairs, the pots and pans were clattering together and the sound carried through the dining room, the living room, and up the stairs. Mrs. Lewis opened her eyes.

"Amanda gets noisy when she is put out at something," she said, and closed her eyes again. Eventually the clatter stopped below and her old features relaxed in sleep. Edith assured herself that the open mouth and the sunken eyes of the withered old woman were not death itself, and tiptoed out.

Edith had the inveterate homemaker's interest in rooms and space, and she peered into those along the hall, justifying her curiosity with the remembrance that this was the domain over which Mr. Lewis had made her "virtual head." Besides Mr. Lewis' room, which was opposite the stairs and coincided with the turret, and the one, apparently Linnie's, across the hall from her own, there were two others, piled with books and odds and ends of furniture, uncarpeted and unused. An ample linen closet was cluttered with worn linen and clean rags. Edith itched to clear it out, discard the useless, and stack the good in neat piles.

Everywhere the space was good; no one built houses like this any more, but the room decorations were hopeless, the furnishings grizzly. The bathroom at the end of the hall was a turn-of-the-century antiquarian. Six bedrooms in all, a linen closet, and two baths, Edith tallied, and all of them as dismal as the living room downstairs. Edith closed the doors with a feeling of frustration and distaste.

"Head of the house," Mr. Lewis had said. Just what, Edith thought indignantly, did he expect of her? Who could tolerate a house so badly run, so hideously undecorative? Just what could he think she could do for his daughter Linnie under the circumstances, besides taking care of his mother?

Edith thought of him, sitting there interviewing her, his linen immaculate, his business suit impeccable, and his speech and manner that of an executive, in the midst of all this wretchedness. Her opinion of Mr. Lewis was very low indeed!

No, Edith would take no responsibility for either the house or Linnie. The whole situation was too completely hopeless, too unified in its impossibility. No doubt Linnie cared as little about it as her father

did. Edith would confine her activities to Mrs. Lewis; Amanda could run the house, and the girl could look out for herself. Edith, descending the stairs, noted the old hall tree of brass and oak that adorned the front entrance like a nightmare. She traversed the living room and entered the dining room.

To her amazement, Amanda was emerging from the kitchen in a sea of luggage, her hat and coat on, and an embattled light in her eyes.

"Oh, Amanda! You're not leaving," gasped Edith, feeling exactly as if she had been hit in the stomach. "What's the matter?"

"It's him!" said Amanda vindictively.

"Him?"

"Mr. Lewis. He's gone off again without getting anything settled. I told him the furnace needed oil, and now we're out of fuel, and then there's the cleaning. I told him in plain words about it. From the looks of them walls they've not been done for years. And who's going to do them? Not me. I've never worked where they didn't have a man to come in and do the walls, come spring. And the yard! This place could be right nice if anybody took an interest in it! Them rooms upstairs give me the willies. I'm not going to stand it."

EDITH thought fast in this emergency, her respect for Amanda taking a turnabout. Mr. Lewis did not want Amanda to go, and neither did Edith. Impossible as her situation was in this household, it loomed worse if Amanda should leave.

"Mr. Lewis was in a great hurry. He told me to take care of such details as he had not already attended to. I think he ordered fuel oil," guessed Edith, talking smoothly. "Tell me the company and I'll check."

As if to vindicate her, an oil delivery truck backed into the driveway and the driver rapped smartly on the back door.

"Fuel oil delivery to this address, lady. Sign for it, please."

"I guess I was a little hasty," admitted Amanda when he had filled the tank and gone.

"It is a little early for the walls and garden yet," said Edith easily, yet not committing herself to a definite promise. "Mr. Lewis would be very disappointed and unhappy to come home and find you gone. He spoke very highly of you to me, said you were very capable and willing, and that he did not want to lose you."

"Well," said Amanda, placated, unwilling to admit the pleasure Mr. Lewis' praise gave her, "I guess I can stay a little while longer."

In spite of Edith's assurance in handling the situation, she found herself tremblingly near nervous tears as she went back up the stairs. Tomorrow she would talk to Mrs. Lewis, when they were better acquainted. Kit, Annette, Mr. Lewis —nobody could criticize her if she were too ill to handle the job. Nobody could say she hadn't tried. Tomorrow, for sure, she would quit this dismal house.

(*To be continued*)

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

SPAGHETTI LOAF

(Serves about 35 or 40 people)

- 5 cups uncooked spaghetti broken in one-inch pieces
- 4 cups grated American cheese
- 1 cup chicken fat
- 1 qt. and 1 cup milk
- 4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 8 separated eggs
- 4 tbsp. parsley
- 4 tbsp. pimento
- 8 tsp. grated onion
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. salt

Cook spaghetti until tender, bleach (run cold water over it). Scald milk and pour over beaten egg yolks; gradually add fat and cheese, crumbs, seasoning. Mix well and add spaghetti. Fold in beaten egg whites. Put in greased baking pan. Bake in oven 300°F. for about 1½ hours or until firm in center. Serve with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

- ½ cup shortening, butter fat or chicken fat
- ½ cup flour
- 4 cups tomato juice
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice
- salt and pepper to taste

Make the same as white sauce only use tomato in place of milk. Blend shortening and flour, remove from heat, and stir in tomato juice, add seasoning.

BREAD STICKS

- 1½ cups scalded milk
- 6 tbsp. shortening
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 1 yeast cake
- 1 egg, separated
- 5¼ cups flour
- ¾ tsp. salt

Add butter, sugar, and salt to milk. When lukewarm, add yeast cake, white of egg, well beaten, and flour. Knead. Let rise, roll, and shape the size of a lead pencil and place in floured pan about two inches apart. Brush tops with beaten yolk of egg. Sprinkle with poppy seed if desired. Let rise, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) until brown and crisp.

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

(80-90 cookies)

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 4 eggs, well beaten
- 6 ounces chocolate
- 3 cups pastry flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1½ cups chopped nuts
- 1½ cups raisins

Cream the shortening and sugar together, add eggs and melted chocolate, add milk, vanilla, nuts, rairins and mix well. Add baking powder, flour, and salt, mixed and sifted together. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheets and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 12 minutes.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the subimttal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Marie Vesela

CZECHOSLOVAKIAN MISSION, PRAGUE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, April 25, 1949

Sister Marie Vesela, Secretary, Prague Branch Relief Society, writes an interesting report of the history and activities of the society in this branch: "The Czechoslovakian Relief Society was founded in the year 1939 with Frantiska Brodilova as president, and five members in attendance. Martha Gaeth, wife of President Arthur Gaeth, was the second president. The spirit in the meetings was a real Latter-day Saint spirit and the lessons were prepared and translated especially for conditions in this country. During 1935-37 Josefa Komarkova was president and at this time many people visited the society. Sister Komarkova left the country to live with her married daughter in Salt Lake City. The year 1938, when Sister Martha Toronto presided, was filled with uncertainty and trouble and during the war the possibilities for this work were not great, but the members, especially in the Brno Branch, did not stop their work in Relief Society.

In the year 1947, when Sister Toronto returned to Czechoslovakia, plans were made to bring the work to a higher level. It cost much work and endeavor, but slowly the number of the visitors increased.

A great success in the Prague Branch was the year 1948-49 under the presidency of Anna Laura Woodland, missionary. Sewing was thought of as something all women enjoyed. But it was impossible to get material to work with. Sister Woodland wrote to her mother and asked her to send some sugar sacks and remnants that she had around the house. Soon we got the news that not only her mother was sending us many things, but also other sisters were donating thread, needles, pins, and materials to the Prague society. The joy and excitement of our women as they looked at the nice things are impossible to describe.

The bazaar was a great success and brought us over 10,000 Krs. or $200. We had 53 aprons, 15 tablecloths, and a large group of miscellaneous items, such as pillows, doilies, scarves, playsuits, and stuffed toys.

Before the bazaar we had an interesting program, with musical numbers, a story, and readings. Refreshments were served and the highlight of the evening was a fashion show—first in the history of the Czechoslovakian Relief Society. After the program we retired to the winter garden where the articles of the bazaar were on display.

Many women who started to visit our Relief Society programs became interested in the work of the Church and some of them have already become members and others will join soon. Although we still have more visiting friends than members in our meetings, the spirit is fine and encouraging and we enjoy the blessings which are connected with this work."

Photograph submitted by Marie Vesela

DOLL DISPLAY AT PRAGUE BAZAAR

Photograph submitted by Fannye H. Walker

TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND THIRD WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mrs. George Court; Fern Spackman; Rae Smith; Josephine Hawk; Zina Anderson; Maybelle Anderson, chorister; Emma Dahl, at the piano.

Second row, left to right: Fannye H. Walker; Ethel Jacobs; Ella Hancock; Zilphia Garrett; Phoebe Dahl; Mozelle Baker; Mabel Heninger.

Third row, left to right: Angelina Witbeck, President, Raymond Third Ward Relief Society; Idelle Kenney; Lottie Graham; Lula Stevenson; Annie Adams; Helen Holt; Irene Halliday; Mrs. McGillivary; Mabel Salmon; Ruth Salmon; Madge Fairbanks.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearl M. Andersen

SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO), RETIRING RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Front row, left to right: Ivy Goodsell; First Counselor Pearl M. Andersen; President Annie B. Johnson; Second Counselor Sarah W. Kirkham; Tressa Hunter.

Back row, left to right: Lela Wiseman; Zetta Jensen; Ila Allen; Millie Bean; Anna Cook; Veta Dye; Thelma Thompson; Mable Roberts; Florence D. Hanney.

This photograph was taken just prior to the release of these officers which became necessary when Elder Clarence F. Johnson and his wife Annie B. Johnson were called to preside over the Swedish Mission. Sister Andersen reports: "Sister Johnson was called to the presidency of Shelley Stake Relief Society in July 1938. She served humbly and successfully and under her leadership many major projects were carried out successfully. One of the more recent projects was the purchase of new electric machines by every Relief Society in the stake. Sister Johnson is richly endowed with a fine sense of knowing just the right thing to be done for each particular situation. Her keen intellect and ability to select the essentials and dismiss the unimportant details mark her as a great leader. All who have worked with her love her and wish Brother and Sister Johnson success and happiness in their new calling."

Eva L. Clinger is the new president of Shelley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Beth Callister

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, MERCED BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAY AT THE 1949 COUNTY FAIR

Left to right: First Counselor Ruby Wardrobe; Jean Brink; Barbara Gaines; June Cannon; Margaret Taylor; Esther Mae Fish; Harriet Moulton; President Beth Callister.

Officers not in the picture are: Second Counselor Villa Stewart and Secretary-Treasurer Elizabeth Elcock.

The Relief Society women of the Merced Branch were awarded the following ribbons for their outstanding entries: 74 blue (first place) ribbons; 46 red (second place) ribbons; 29 white (third place) ribbons. Beth Callister and Jean Brink won first and second places in the sweepstakes in the canned goods division. The women made a total of $414.

Amelia E. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lolo M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), MARICOPA INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAYING THEIR FIRST QUILTS

Left, at the rear: Hazel Nelson of Phoenix Stake Board.

Extreme right: Brother and Sister Sundust (first converts in this branch) and Lilly Harris of the Stake Board.

Seated, center front: Lola M. Shumway, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Sister Shumway reports: "We are very pleased with the fine work of these women on the quilting project and the Indian women are, too. Three of our regular members were in the cotton fields the day the picture was taken. We have had a gradual increase in membership since we began with these sisters. Last week we had two more new members."

Photograph submitted by Ethel E. Blomquist

SWEDISH MISSION, GOTEBORG RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT THE BRANCH BAZAAR

Standing at the back, left to right: Albert Brandin, local missionary, husband of Maja Brandin, President, Goteborg Relief Society; Anna Sjoholm; Karen Stengruber; President Maja Brandin; Hilda Malmberg; Maria Bohlin.

Ethel E. Blomquist is former president of the Swedish Mission Relief Society and Annie B. Johnson is the present president.

Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), STAKE OFFICERS AND SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR THE STAKE VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, October 28, 1949

Front row, left to right: Edna T. Buss; Second Counselor Dessa B. Richins; Clarabell R. Harper; Hilda T. Halverson; Secretary-Treasurer Nina J. Langford; Stake Relief Society President Reka V. B. Parker; Nellie W. Neal, member general board of Relief Society.

Second row, standing left of pulpit: Secretary-Treasurer Edith B. Williams; acting organist Vera Pettit; chorister Mabel E. Draper; First Counselor Erma V. Jacobs.

An extensive display of handwork of all types was held in connection with the convention. A delicious luncheon was served to 225 Relief Society members.

Photograph submitted by Ann M. Borg

GRANT STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS CHORUS

Front row, beginning fourth from the left: accompanists Grace Riches and Erma Barton; director Ann M. Borg.

This chorus completed four major assignments during the past year, furnishing music for the Relief Society opening social, for morning and evening sessions of stake conference, for Relief Society convention, and for the March 6th stake program. Plans are underway for a song festival to be held in the amphitheater in Big Cottonwood Canyon sometime during the summer of 1949.

Forty-seven members are enrolled in the chorus and baby tenders are provided for the practice periods which are held sometimes in the mornings and sometimes in the afternoons. One of the accompanists, Bernece Engeman was not present when the photograph was taken.

Lorena L. Harline is president of Grant Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Winnie T. Graff

OREM STAKE (UTAH) PAGEANT HONORS EARLY RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERS March 17, 1949

Front row, left to right: Sherrie Ford representing Emma Smith; Oreen Walker as Eliza R. Snow; Enid Johnson as Zina D. Young; Uana Illingsworth as Bathsheba Smith; Emily Long as Emmeline B. Wells.

Back row, left to right: Winnie T. Graff, President, Orem Stake Relief Society; Blanche Nielson, author and reader of the pageant; Mary Rowley, representing President Belle S. Spafford; Dorothy Johnson as President Amy Brown Lyman; Lula Croft as President Louisa Y. Robison; Jennie Harris as President Clarissa Williams; Elaine Baxter, who played an accordion solo; Erma Swensen, who played an organ solo.

This beautiful pageant was presented in the Scera auditorium before a large audience. Each character was introduced by the reader, Sister Wilson, and as the women entered Sister Swensen softly played "O My Father" in memory of Eliza R. Snow, and Elaine Baxter played an accordian solo "My Mountain Home So Dear" in memory of Emmeline B. Wells.

Living Design

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The sun in the west is a luminous red,
The snow is immaculate white,
Deep blue the expanse of the sky overhead
Where stars will stay hidden till night.

Unwind seven ribbons from that crimson ball;
Divide them with six lanes of snow,
And choose from the stars the brightest of all,
Eight rows with six stars in a row.

And cut from the blue of the heavens a square ,
Arranging the stars in their place,
An ensign your heart ever after will wear
And its glory will shine in your face.

The Enjoyment of Literature

(*Continued from page 101*)

to him. The reader brings to the work personality traits, memories of past events, present needs and preoccupations, a particular mood and a particular physical condition.

This, it seems to me, is the *literary center* in which the teeter board rests. Become obsessed with literature as "art for art's sake," and the balance of perfect rhythm is lost. See in literature only the practical elements of life, and a disproportionate end weight results. Pure enjoyment comes as a result of *balance.*

As a child I did not like to slide the teeter board far to one end of the pivotal base so that a child heavier than myself could teeter with me. The disproportion in looks and the uncertain rhythm was disconcerting. But give me a mate my own size to balance the board and, hands free, head back to the wind, I could teeter for hours. It is this freedom, this balance of mind and experience, that brings the fullest literary enjoyment, the most rewarding literary experience.

In this rewarding experience lies the hope that good literature will influence our lives. It is rewarding to see a pattern of life that is familiar to us. We exclaim, "Why, I've done that very thing myself!" Or, "I know people just like that!" It is rewarding to see in the humor or the tragedy of a book the cue to our own fun, or our own sorrows. It is thus that the author shares with us his own clear vision.

There is no end to the enjoyment that literature may bring. When we reach the stage where we seek more than enjoyment, then we can say to the artist, "Give me something fine in any form which may suit you best, according to your own temperament, and I shall enjoy it." How much more interesting is Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth* written to this form, this temperament, than an unadorned historical and generalized account of the same events would be. We need no preconceived, pointed-out evaluation for, since each brings to a work the color of his own experience, each will derive a different element from it.

However, in teaching literature in the classroom, the teacher need not abdicate completely nor cease to exert an influence. But let the teacher's position be that of a quiet counselor not of an infallible mentor. Instead, let there be an informal and friendly analysis and evaluation and *enjoyment.* Literature will then become a potent force in the educational process of developing critically minded, emotionally liberated individuals who possess the energy and the will to create a happier way of life for themselves and for others.

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 24—"Further Instruction to the Apostles"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 32, by Elder James E. Talmage)
For Tuesday, May 2, 1950

Objective: To show how clearly and forcefully Jesus instructed those who were to carry on his work after his crucifixion.

Prophecies Relating to the Destruction of Jerusalem and the Lord's Future Advent

JESUS left the temple on Tuesday of the last week. He had finished his ministry so far as the public was concerned. He started toward the beloved home in Bethany and rested for a time on the Mount of Olives. Only his disciples were with him. From their resting place on the Mount they had a wonderful view of the temple and the great city. His prediction that the temple would be destroyed caused some of the twelve to say to him, "Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" It is clear that they understood that there was to be an event known to them as the "end of the world," and they wanted to know what signs would precede it. Jesus first warned them against being deceived. He frankly told them that no man knew the date of the glorious second coming of the Lord. Only his Father in heaven knew of the date. Mark tells us that even the Son did not know (Mark 13:32). That the event was more remote than any of the disciples realized is very apparent.

He told the apostles especially that they were to expect persecution. Some of them would be put to death because of the testimony of Christ. They were told that in the hour of need the Holy Ghost would inspire them as to what they were to say. The Lord told them to be patient in tribulation and that the blessing in the hereafter would so far outweigh the sufferings of this life that there would be no comparison. Their mission was to preach the gospel of the kingdom to all nations. They would meet opposition from false prophets and false teachers, but they were to persist in the face of all opposition. Their message would divide families and some children would even betray their own parents. Members of the Church would grow cold in the faith and turn away and only those who were faithful to the end of life would be saved. There would be wars and

Evan Jensen

PALESTINE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST

rumors of wars, famines and earthquakes; in fact, peace would be taken from the earth.

The Savior told them plainly what would befall Jerusalem in their day. "And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh" (Luke 21:20). When this occurred, those who believed were to go to the mountains; and the suffering would be terrible, especially for mothers with babes, and for expectant mothers. They were to pray that these tribulations would not be forced upon them in winter, for the suffering then would be horrible and without a parallel in Israel's history. The only comfort given was that the period would be cut short.

There was then to come a time when Satan would deceive the people of the world. "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken" (Luke 21:26). It would be well for class members to read all of the 21st chapter of Luke, and note 1 at the end of chapter 32 of the text, and also the 24th chapter of Matthew, as given in the Pearl of Great Price. There was to be virulent persecution of the disciples, to be followed by cruel warfare. Many of the "elect" would be deceived and would apostatize. The people would be deceived by priestcraft and false prophets.

Care should be exercised not to confound the signs and events of the Christian era with those of the latter days. Remember Christ's promise for this day is that the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached to all nations who will receive it before the glorious coming of the Lord in the last days. That coming will be sudden and unexpected, but the faithful should always be ready for it.

To indelibly impress on the minds of all faithful followers the need of watchfulness and faithfulness, Jesus gave to them the Parable of the Ten Virgins. Matthew gave us our only report of this wonderfully illustrative parable (Matt. 25:1-13).

The Need of Watchfulness and Diligence Illustrated by Parable

The listeners were all familiar with oriental marriage customs. It was common for the bridegroom to go to the home of the bride and escort her to the place of festivities. These events usually occurred in the evening and, as the bridal party approached the appointed place, organized groups with lamps and lighted torches would go out to meet it. The ten virgins were to join the welcoming party. Only five, however, had oil in their lamps. The bridegroom was late and all of the virgins fell asleep. Near midnight, criers announced his coming and called in haste: "Go ye out to meet him." The ten virgins immediately awakened and five of them were ready, but five of them had no oil for their lamps. They sought in vain to borrow oil, but the others could not, or would not, spare any. While the unwise virgins were out in quest of oil, the wedding party came and went on into the house where the festivities were being held and shut the door against all tardy comers. The five unwise

virgins pleaded for admittance, but were denied because they were not among the attendants of either the bride or the bridegroom.

The lesson is plain. Jesus symbolizes the bridegroom. The Church on earth is his bride. Those who are prepared and ready to meet him will be received by him, while those who delay and are not ready will be rejected. The lamps symbolize the professions of faith and the oil "the spiritual strength and abundance which diligence and devotion in God's service alone can insure."

The Parable of the Ten Virgins will, no doubt, suggest to each teacher many ways the lessons of the story may be used. Solemnly the Lord said: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh" (Matt. 25:13). (See also D. & C. 45:56-59.)

The same afternoon, while he was yet on the Mount of Olives, the Lord also gave the Parable of the Entrusted Talents (Matt. 25:14-30). It may appear to some, on first reading, that the parable is the same as the story of the Pounds (Luke 19:12-27). While the two should be studied together, they are different. In the first case, the story of the Pounds was told to a mixed audience, while the story of the Entrusted Talents was given in privacy to the most intimate of the Lord's disciples. In the story of the Pounds an equal amount of money was given to each of the servants, and each was rewarded or penalized, according to his diligence. In the story of the talents, the servants received different amounts "every man according to his several ability." In this case, also, the servants were equally rewarded for equal diligence even though greater gains were made by one servant than by the other. It is comforting to know that if we do our best with whatever gifts are given to us, we shall be accepted as well as one who works in wider fields. We are rewarded according to the effort we put forth. In both stories the servants who were unfaithful and negligent were condemned and punished. The Lord gave the Parable of the Entrusted Talents to his disciples as he was about to leave them. He would leave his work with his servants but would hold each of them accountable. It is recommended that 1 Corinthians, 12 chapter, be studied. Those who have special talents should use them for the glory of God and the blessing of mankind or these talents may be taken from them. "Talents are not given to be buried, and then to be dug up and offered back unimproved, reeking with the smell of earth and dulled by the corrosion of disuse."

The Inevitable Judgment

The Lord's ministry was closed. The last of his illustrative parables had been given. He had given a plan of salvation that would save all who would obey and live it. He had instructed his special messengers in great detail and finally had promised in due time to come again to earth in "power and great glory:"

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered

all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left (Matt. 25:31-33).

The Lord pointed out in detail how his followers could best serve him. If they would give food and drink to those in need; clothe the naked and near naked; minister to the needs of the sick and afflicted, and, in brief, love their fellow men as themselves. ". . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40). The righteous shall hear the glad welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father," while the wicked shall be told to depart. The sure promise was made that Christ will return to execute judgment.

Another Specific Prediction of the Lord's Death

Then, in sadness, he said: "Ye know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified" (Matt. 26:2).

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What prediction of the Savior brought forth the questions regarding the end of the world? Discuss the answers Jesus gave.
2. Distinguish between the signs and events of the Christian era and those of the latter days.
3. Discuss the lesson taught by the Parable of the Ten Virgins.
4. Relate the Parable of the Entrusted Talents. Show that various capacities exist in men for service to God and their fellow men.

References in the Four Gospels

Matt. 13:5, 6, 20, 21, 24-30; 24:3-51; 25:1-46; 26:2.
Mark 13:3-37.
Luke 12:48; 19:12-27; 21:5-36.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 8—"Be of Good Cheer" (Matt. 14:27)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, May 2, 1950

Objective: To reaffirm that in bringing help and comfort to others, we gain joy for ourselves.

AS we reach the last message for this year, we earnestly hope that the visiting teachers have gained for themselves, and have been able to help others to gain, a nearness to our Savior which exceeds any that they may have felt before.

We wish to conclude with a salutation which Christ frequently used to give encouragement to those with whom he mingled. "Be of good cheer" he told the man who was afflicted with palsy (Matt. 9:2). "Be of good cheer" (Mark 6:50),

he called out to his fearful disciples as he walked towards them upon the waves of the sea when their ship was being tossed about by the wind and the waves. At the time that Paul was preaching in Jerusalem and was being so sorely persecuted in "the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul" (Acts 23:11).

These same words were spoken by him to his disciples to comfort them when their hearts were sore in the knowledge that they were soon to be separated from their beloved Master, for he had said to them, "But now I go my way to him that sent me . . . . because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart" (John 16:5, 6). He knew that it was natural for his disciples to feel disconsolate, but he also knew that sorrow and discouragement can be replaced with happiness, and so he told them:

> But your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world (John 16:20-21).

Here is a lesson for all of us to take to heart, namely, that it is possible for us to look habitually for the beautiful experiences in life and learn to blot out the unpleasant ones. As one author expressed it, "Never forget that every minute spent with gloom is just that much time spent away from light and life."

The philosophy of Christ may be called joyful wisdom. It leads one into the path of happiness that is real and permanent.

And yet, because the Savior experienced mortality, and with it the sorrows that the human race must know, there are those who would depict him as being solely "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." How one-sided such an evaluation would be. How could he lead us into the path of happiness and not be happy himself—to think that he knew our sorrows but did not know our joys! How could Christ go about doing good and not feel joy?

A certain woman once said that if she ever felt downhearted she would go out and find someone who needed help or consolation, with the result that she returned with her own spirits lifted. When Relief Society sisters go with understanding hearts into a home where there is illness or grief and render compassionate service, it cannot but make them, as well as the recipients of their favor, feel happier.

One should quite determinedly cultivate a happy, relaxed state of mind in spite of unfavorable circumstances. In short, one should habitually "be of good cheer."

WORK MEETING

No sewing lesson is scheduled for the month of May as the preview provided for a display of children's clothing in May.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 8—John Milton: The Lesser Works

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 16, 1950

IN 1608, eight years before Shakespeare's death, John Milton was born. Thus for a short span the mortal lives of the two greatest forces in English literature overlapped. Maturing thus on the outer fringes of the Elizabethan Age, Milton early learned to sing in a style not dissimilar to the best of his Renaissance predecessors. Yet the point cannot be pressed unduly, for in metrical skill and craftsmanship, in opulent luxury of word and image, and in sheer sensuous and intellectual beauty, his poetry surpassed not only the preceding age but most writers who have ever lived, regardless of time or place.

His style and early tone are reminiscent of the glowing imagination and the ripening, optimistic spirit of the preceding Elizabethan century. But his unmatched loftiness of mind and heart, the unmeasurable depth and width of the scope which he chose to be his, and the unbludgeonable courage of his personal and literary lives—these were born amid Milton's heroic grapplings with the challenges of his own day.

While Milton is often compared with other writers, more truly we should see him as a magnificence unique, definable only in terms of itself. The more we know of the man, the deeper we come to know his poetry, the less possible it seems to summarize or abridge his legacy to us. Wise, clear-seeing Wordsworth deserves such adjectives when he writes in his sonnet on Milton:

> Thy Soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart.

Realizing, then, what we do, it becomes our task to attempt to catch in a few words the majesic supremacy of this man so entirely the true poet.

Milton was born of excellent Puritan stock in the days before "Puritan" connoted fanatical austerity, and condemnation of any and all worldly graces. (For Macaulay's definition of Puritanism, read the text, pp. 569-573). His mother was a woman noted for her charities; his father, a wealthy lawyer, had been disinherited for denying the Roman Catholic religion. A well-known composer of music and a lover of literature, his father gave his son every cultural advantage.

Even before his teens, Milton came to feel the growing need of preparing himself for a high destiny in life, and, during his preparatory and college years, rarely left his studies until after midnight. He once thought of himself as preparing for a religious career, but by the time he received his M. A. degree from Cambridge in 1632, he had come to feel contempt and distrust for the organized clergy. Instead of entering any profession, he retired to a family estate at Horton, a village not far from London. Here

for six years he studied the classic literatures and perfected his style in writing both Latin and English. This period of intense scholarly discipline climaxed a preparation which made Milton probably the most widely read author in the English language.

In 1638, at the age of thirty, he began an extensive and leisurely tour of the continent. However, when the religious and political tensions at home became alarmingly acute, Milton cut short his tour in 1639, and returned to defend the rights of Englishmen and the sanctity of the conscience against the growing opposition of Charles I and his Cavaliers. (For this background, so vital to an understanding of Milton's life, a reading of the text, pp. 564-575 is imperative.) In the urgency of the cause, Milton forsook all thoughts of a literary career, and devoted the entire intensity of his personal force to championing the Puritan cause. It was to be more than twenty years before he began writing *Paradise Lost*, and twenty-five years until it was finished. For Milton the need of the moment was all-consuming. He continued his work as Latin Secretary to Cromwell and the new Commonwealth, even though his doctors had warned him that he was endangering his eyesight. When he began writing his *Defence of the English People* in 1651, he had already lost the sight of one eye; by the time this prose work was finished in 1652, he was totally blind.

Milton's marital relations were hardly more peaceful than the political turmoil in which he lived. At the age of thirty-four, Milton somewhat impetuously married Mary Powell, a girl just half his age. They were separated a month later. Soon Milton wrote his famous defense of divorce. Three years later they were reconciled, and she bore him three daughters before she died in childbirth in 1652. Before his death in 1674 he married twice more. Catherine Woodcock, whom he seemed to have loved dearly, died in childbirth eighteen months after their marriage in 1656, while Elizabeth Minshull survived her husband more than a half century.

After the Puritan Commonwealth became extinct with the restoration of Charles II as King of England in 1660, Milton was fined and some of his books were burned by the victors, who thereafter allowed him to live unmolested among them. But he was a Puritan, and therefore the object of tauntings, scorn, and contempt at the hands of the once-suppressed court society. It was bitter to live in an alien political and religious world which he had opposed with all the power of his mature life. To this sense of isolation and living beyond his time was added blindness, yet in this unreal world of darkness, uselessness, and condemnation, Milton was ever unbowed. He lay awake at night composing his greatest works, dictating them the next morning to some member of his household. Once such circumstances of composition are known, the defiant greatness which Milton achieved in his immortal epics *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, and in his classical Greek tragedy Samson Agonistes becomes even more memorable.

Since Milton's epics are to be the subject of our next lesson, they do not concern us here. Let us then first turn to some of his lesser works in which we might identify in smaller compass the qualities which were ideally combined in his master work, *Paradise Lost*.

As with all educated men of his time, Milton was taught Latin at an early age. Throughout his college years, his ambition was to become a master of expression in Latin, the universal language of scholarship, and most of his excellent poetry was written in Latin. Even when, at the age of twenty-one, he wrote "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" in English, he continued to write most of his poetry in Latin and Italian, until after his return from his European excursion in 1639. But if writing first in Latin always were to produce such results, all future writers should learn to compose in Latin, for this first sizable poem he attempted in English after his Latin discipline is one of the most perfect in the language.

"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity"

This poem contains the stateliness of language and the beauty of style which were peculiarly Milton's. Inspired by the significance of Christmas Day, Milton wrote of the reign of peace, the music of the spheres, and the flight of the oracles, all couched in language and stanza pattern ideally fitting the content. The following stanzas are representative in their effortless flow of language, and in their exquisite combining of beautiful oral word-music with mental tone and imagery:

V

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
  His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The Winds, with wonder whist [stilled or hushed]
Smoothly the waters kiss't,
  Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

XIII

Ring out ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the bass of Heav'n's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
  The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

"L'Allegro"; "Il Penseroso"

"L'Allegro" (The Joyful Man) and "Il Penseroso" (The Thoughtful Man) are the famous loved companion pieces Milton wrote most probably while at Horton (see text, pp. 639-643). There in the midst of nature, Milton includes minute evidence of having seen and known her in many moods, but more Milton's moods than hers. In his apparently simple rhymed couplets he

has been eminently successful in creating and communicating whatever word-picture pleased his fancy. From the grimness of "Loathed Melancholy's" dismissal (lines 1-5) to the entrance of the nymph with her immortally gay companions (line 25) is a distance between furthest extremes, a gap so wide that only words used by a master artist could ever bridge it. Reverse values are painted in somber, serene tones in "Il Penseroso." Each poem abounds in memorable lines and images. If anyone has not yet tasted the pure delights of word-picture and word-music, let him cut his poetic baby-teeth on such poems as these; the results are almost assuredly happy ones.

"Lycidas"

The poems thus far mentioned have exemplified Milton's ability to create beauty, and to impress upon us Nature's contrasting moods. At age twenty-nine, while still at Horton, Milton wrote "Lycidas" (pronounced li' si dus), one of the most exalted elegies, or serious meditations upon death, in English.

Should Milton's greatness still be in question, note the host of superlative adjectives we have employed thus far to describe his *minor* words. Entirely conscious of the dangers of excess, we nevertheless must include the words of one eminent critic who defines "Lycidas" as "probably the most perfect piece of literature in existence." Here we feel the magnificent surge of inner power which is possessed by those poets who are truly great, and who are thereby set apart and above those poets who merely write poetry of pictorial or musical beauty. Here we see the beauty of masculine, intellectual strength, in verses of wider sweep and deeper penetration than we have found in Milton heretofore. Here, in a most compatible combination of versification, style, image, and high emotions, we have pure poetry.

The poem is cast in the form of a classical pastoral elegy, in which lofty thoughts are uttered amid the surroundings of rural nature. The lavish use of references to mythology, also a poetic convention of the time, might at first confuse the modern reader, but once such names as satyr, Orpheus, Panope, and Namancos are identified and then allowed to illumine the passage in which they occur, the reader is then enabled to read a new and justifying richness into the lines. The length of the poetic line, as well as the rhyme scheme, follow no pattern save that which seems to Milton most effective. Yet he subtly repeats cadences without always rhyming them, as, for example, the sound of ear which is used to end six of the first fourteen lines, with rhyme used but once. Thus he interweaves his verse, hardly to be noted consciously by the average reader.

"Lycidas" was one of twenty poems written by classmates of Edward King to pay honor to him at his early death. Milton achieves such powerful emotion in the poem, not because King was his close friend, but because, like King, he had dedicated his life to writing sublime poetry whereby he might achieve literary fame. In lamenting King's shortened life, a brief existence in

which his high resolve and outstanding talents produced nothing of true worth, actually Milton speaks of his own similar situation. This theme, then, *Ars Longa, vita brevis* (Art is long, but life is fleeting), unifies the various voices in the poem: Milton's opening and closing lines referring to King's pathetic death, his questioning of his own destiny (lines 64-84), St. Peter's scathing condemnation of evils within the Church (lines 108-131), and the pagan muse's praise of the pastoral virtues (lines 132-151).

In the very first lines we feel at once the fulness of Milton's exalted emotion and his restraint, as prematurely he gathers a laurel wreath to honor his dead poet-friend:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sear,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

Just as his "forced fingers rude" shatter the shrubs' leaves prematurely, so it seems does death crush out young poets before they have had a chance to sing in full strength. After asking the muses to "somewhat loudly sweep the string" as they begin their lamentations, Milton hopes that his own passing might be so honored (lines 15-22).

Next, Milton uses imagery of pasture and shepherd to designate the happy life he spent in common with King at Cambridge (lines 22-36); but now the poet is dead, all nature mourns (lines 37-48). He then begins to blame the muses for allowing their nurtured son to be drowned:

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?"

But, at once, he realizes that the muses could have done nothing, since death is inexorable (lines 49-63). Then he asks, for King, as for all young poets, what they have to gain by dedicating themselves to poetry. Fame is empty, but in immortality the true poets shall be rewarded (lines 64-86), while poetry is its own reward, since:

"That strain I heard was a higher mood." (line 87)

Neptune asks if the winds were to blame for the death of Lycidas (or King), but Hippotades, god of the winds, reports that the winds were peaceful, and cannot be blamed (lines 90-102). Symbolizing Cambridge, the god of the river Cam asks why Lycidas was taken (lines 103-107). St. Peter laments the loss of so promising a minister, then compares him to the "blind" mouths" who devour the substance of their congregations, feeding their flocks only wind and mist until they rot inwardly (lines 108-131).

Recognizing the finality of King's death, Milton next bids the Sicilian muse to call all rural nature to bring forth all her beauties to strew upon the coffin of Lycidas (lines 132-153). He conjectures where the body of Lycidas might be and asks that it be returned home (lines 154-164). But tears are useless since, Lycidas is not dead, but lives in heaven amid honor and joy (lines 165-185). Thus, says Milton, I, the uncouth (or untaught) poet sang. The final lines (187-193), in their serenity and pure simplicity, are supreme among supremes.

Beneath such a title as this lesson bears, Milton's sonnets simply cannot remain unmentioned. Of the nineteen English sonnets he wrote over a period of thirty years, four demand a comment (see text, pp. 647-649). First, however, it must be said that all are built on the strict Italian sonnet pattern, and are models of construction and artistry. Their ringing power is self-evident.

"On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three" (page 647) strikes that note of high seriousness which dominates Milton's mature work. "On His Deceased Wife," (page 649) in its loveliness and in is exalted definition of woman, is a tribute both to all womankind as well as to Milton. Perhaps his most famous sonnet, "On His Blindness" (page 648), is memorable for the courage and humility it reveals. But for incomparable organ-tones of power from within, for the most vivid example of Milton's ability, as defined by Wordsworth "to make the sonnet into a trumpet," one must know and read and love "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont" (page 648).

Winnowing out the trivial and the transitory, Milton reached deep below the surface of apparent, everyday reality to grasp and define and personalize with a new majesty the universal essences. Finally, then, we see that Milton's writings are limited neither in time nor in depth, neither vertically nor horizontally. While they are of an age, they are more than any age. Actually they are Milton, bounded only by the limits of one of the largest of human souls.

NOTE TO TEACHERS: It is suggested that this lesson material be saved for reference for the October 1950 lesson, as it contains the foundation work for the lesson on "Milton's Greater Works." For an example of iambic pentameter lines, see page 1134 of the text and for an explanation of the form of the Italian Sonnet, see the text, page 1150.

Questions

1. How is Milton's style related to the Elizabethan Age?
2. Why is Milton called a Puritan?
3. How was Milton's future career shaped by his father?
4. Why do the verses quoted from Milton's first poem in English seem particularly suited to the poem's subject matter?
5. Why does the subject matter in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" indicate that these poems might well have been written at Horton?
6. Who was Edward King?
7. Is "Lycidas" in any way autobiographical?
8. What evils does Milton find in the clergy of his day?
9. Why is "Lycidas" called an elegy?
10. For you, which of Milton's sonnets is most rewarding? Most challenging? Why? Assign "On His Blindness" to a class member for reading aloud.

Flaming Power

C. Cameron Johns

Do you perceive what you have done?
Kindled to burning another sun!
And as I gaze into the flame
My spirit knows from where it came.
This is the fire I could not see
Beggared by this mortality,
Memory now recalls anew
By reason of the lighted view.

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Political Thought

Lesson 7—Achieving the Kingdom of God—(D. & C. 134:10-12)

Elder G. Homer Durham

For Tuesday, May 23, 1950

Objective: To demonstrate that the kingdom of God will be achieved by preaching the gospel throughout the world.

Change Versus Loyalty

HOW can change be reconciled with stability? Is it possible for "things to remain the same" and at the same time improve? Obviously not. There are many injustices that need removing: slums to clear; lands to develop; lands to conserve and husband; hungry people—most of them in Asia—to feed; truth to be known and lived everywhere. At the same time there are many values to be retained and not lost. How shall change be made? When is a particular change desirable? The ideal of a kingdom of God on earth involves change; an improvement from the world as we find it to a better world. Can the kingdom of God be achieved in the world? Is it possible for an American to remain loyal to the American government while working for the establishment of a kingdom of God? What about a Canadian's loyalty to the Crown? The Mexican's? Russian's? Swede's? All the rest of the peoples of the earth who have loyalties to one of the sixty-odd national States?

There can be no doubt of Latter-day Saint doctrine with regard to citizenship and loyalty. The twelfth Article of Faith incorporates the basic view:

> We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

But the eleventh Article of Faith also states that we "claim the privilege," with all other men allowed the same right, of worshiping as individual conscience dictates! And supposing that conscience dictates that the kingdom of God and its government should be established?

Authority to Be Exercised by Religious Societies

Verses ten, eleven, and twelve of the Declaration of Belief Regarding Governments and Laws offer a great deal of help on this problem, as well as on those of the preceding lesson (verse nine) and the denial of religious influence to civil government. Verse ten declares:

> *We believe that all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for disorderly conduct, according to the rules and regulations of such societies; provided that such dealings be for fellowship and good standing; but we do not believe that any religious society has authority to try men on the right of property or life, to take from them this world's goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, or to inflict any physical*

punishment upon them. They can only excommunicate them from their society, and withdraw from them their fellowship.

This states a number of conditions of "political pluralism"—the device whereby differences can exist side by side, an *E. Pluribus Unum*—and shows how the freedom thus afforded can be used to bring about improvement by common consent. Verse ten denies to organized religions the powers that would make life miserable in its physical aspect. It claims for them, however, the right "to deal with their members for disorderly conduct, according to the rules and regulations of such societies.

What does this mean? If we take Latter-day Saint practice, it is liberal indeed. Members are rarely disturbed, even if they ignore the Church, violate its teachings, yet accept its services, while refusing to contribute a nickel to the light bill for the ward meetinghouse. On the contrary, the active membership of the Church devote most of their spare time and much of the time other people devote to business, profession, and personal affairs, to urge the privileges of Church activity upon the inactive, non-supporters—through ward teaching, stake missions, quorum and auxiliary visits, adult Aaronic Priesthood committees. Excommunications and disfellowships occur generally only when the parties have indicated their real intent and desire for such action, either by word or deed—and then only after formal procedures approximating jury trial with adequate counsel and defense.

On the other hand, verse ten definitely states our belief that no Church has the right to try men for their property, life, or personal rights, "to take from them this world's goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, or to inflict any physical punishment upon them."

If only the modern, materialistic, non-Christian societies were bound by such limitations! These limitations recognize the eternal, fundamental nature of free agency, of freedom of conscience. The Church can only excommunicate and withdraw its fellowship and when is this done, judging by our own practice? Only with regret, and in recognition of the fact that some individual's freedom of conscience has led him or her to the point where the step is desirable for all concerned. This is *free organization* in its essence, a symbol of the great pluralistic world-society envisioned by Brigham Young as the kingdom of God.

When to Appeal to Civil Law

How then, shall civil government function? Shall the essential civil, as well as religious loyalties, be maintained that the early verses of the Declaration affirm to be so essential? (See verses one, two, and three.) Verse eleven gives the important clue:

We believe that men should appeal to the civil law for redress of all wrongs and grievances, where personal abuse is inflicted or the right of property or character infringed, where such laws exist as will protect the same; but we believe that all men are justified in defending themselves, their friends, and property, and the government,

from the unlawful assaults and encroachments of all persons in times of exigency, where immediate appeal cannot be made to the laws, and relief afforded.

Grievances are to be settled by the civil law "where personal abuse is inflicted or the right of property or character infringed, *where such laws exist as will protect the same.*" What if such laws do not exist? Verse two indicates that such rule of law is the essential condition for peace and safety in society—and should therefore be worked for. *In other words,* here is change, improvement. *Civil government can* (1) approximate the kingdom of God; and (2) provide the essential conditions for its achievement if such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual:

1. The free exercise of conscience.
2. The right and control of property.
3. The protection of life.

"In times of exigency" men are justified in working for such rule of good law "in defending themselves, their friends, and property, and the government." From all corners? No, only "from the *unlawful assaults and encroachments* of all persons in times of exigency, *where immediate appeal cannot be made to the laws and relief afforded.*" And, although not expressly stated in this verse, it is clear from the earlier verses and the texts of our history that the aim and object of any such action would be for the purpose of creating or bringing into line, a sphere of civil order commensurate with the historic ideals stated in verse two.

The Pattern for Establishing God's Kingdom

With the vision and objectives of religious freedom and civil order thus laid down, we see clearly the pattern for establishing the type of world society reflecting the nature of God's kingdom. So, verse twelve declares:

We believe it just to preach the gospel to the nations of the earth, and warn the righteous to save themselves from the corruption of the world; but we do not believe it right to interfere with bond-servants, neither preach the gospel to, nor baptize them contrary to the will and wish of their masters, nor to meddle with or influence them in the least to cause them to be dissatisfied with their situations in this life, thereby jeopardizing the lives of men; such interference we believe to be unlawful and unjust, and dangerous to the peace of every government allowing human beings to be held in servitude.

While maintaining the right to proselyte, note that we also maintain the right of any individual to refuse to be proselyted! Nor do we interfere with familistic or compulsory social relations "contrary to the will and wish of their masters." Why? Because this would thereby "jeopardize the *lives* of men." And the right to live, to life itself, we recognize as fundamental (verse two again).

The matter of bond-servants "and human beings . . . held in servitude" no doubt had immediate reference to negro slavery in America, in 1835, the Declaration's date. Notwithstanding, the advice and position are still sound. Should we seek

today to interfere with the peasants and workers of countries which do not enjoy civil liberties similar to those of the United States? Preaching freedom of conscience with its political implications? If so we might possibly and unduly endanger and "jeopardize the lives of men" which the Declaration holds to be "dangerous." What then can be the method of achieving, worldwide, the conditions of peace which are, at the same time, the basic conditions in human society for God's kingdom?

The logic appears to be this: to preach the gospel whenever possible; the missions of the Church slowly expand as freedom expands. By wise non-interference where interference would lead to "jeopardizing the lives of men," those men in foreign lands retain at least the modicum of security they now have. For the rest, we must have faith, that men, with physical life, must eventually seek freedom as freedom's sphere expands in the world. And as verse eleven indicates, men are "justified in defending themselves"—not to expand that sphere, but to create and maintain it constantly. Where the gospel can be preached without placing life in jeopardy, "we believe it just" and we do so even in the absence of constitutional, limited government, as witness Hitler's Germany and other regimes where we have maintained missions. As President Brigham Young taught:

> As this Kingdom of God [referring to the ecclesiastical kingdom or the government of the Church] grows, spreads, increases, and prospers in its course, it will cleanse, thoroughly purge, and purify the world from wickedness . . . . it will protect the people in the enjoyment of all their rights, no matter what they believe, what they profess, or what they worship. If they wish to worship a god of their own workmanship, instead of the true and living God, all right, if they will mind their own business and let other people alone (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 674; 1941 edition, page 440).

Above all, as we read the Declaration of Belief, we should remember the grand objective of achieving the kingdom of God. We conclude with such a statement, again from President Young:

> We have an object in view, and that is to gain influence among all the inhabitants of the earth for the purpose of establishing the Kingdom of God in its righteousness, power and glory, and to exalt the name of the Deity . . . that he may be honored, that his works may be honored, that we may be honored ourselves, and deport ourselves worthy of the character of his children (*Ibid.*, 1925 edition, pp. 671-672; 1941 edition, pp. 438-439).

Questions for Discussion and Lesson Helps

Special Project: Without formalizing the preparation, when the class meets for the final lesson, introduce the subject matter by taking the following "poll" of the class: (1) How many present have sons, brothers, daughters, sisters, or husbands in the foreign missions of the Church (including the U.S.A.) at the present time? (2) Where are they located? (Have each sister present make a brief, descriptive comment.) (3) How many present today, including those reporting already, have had their family represented abroad in the past? Enumerate the places and times. (4) How many persons present, themselves, have served in the foreign missions of the Church, in any capacity, either as member or missionary? (5) Summarize by enumerating the countries represented in the total poll.

1. How does the Declaration of Belief

serve as a helpful guide to man's freedom of conscience, when we are confused as to whether or not loyalty belongs to the Church or to the State?

2. How does the Declaration (in its principles) help both Church and State so that their demands on the individual need rarely, if ever, be confusing in terms of proper loyalty and conscience?

3. What "limitations" does the Declaration place upon the Church? Upon the State?

4. Is "limited government" a sound doctrine for both Church government and civil government? Why?

5. When, if ever, is the power of excommunication asserted by the Church?

6. When is it proper to appeal to the civil law?

7. Can civil government approximate, and therefore become "co-ordinate" with the Church in bringing to pass the kingdom of God on earth? (It is interesting to note that Arnold J. Toynbee, the great English philosopher-historian, in his book, *Civilization on Trial* (1948), holds to the fact that the proper view of civilization is to view this earth as a "province of the Kingdom of God."

8. Viewing, in summary, the meaning of the Declaration, we see that both Church and State may qualify as instruments for achieving the better world, the kingdom of God on earth. To sum up, how, what, may (must) each do in order to so qualify, and then achieve, this great objective?

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Social Science—The First Presidencies

(Primarily for use outside Continental United States and its possessions)

Lesson 14—Review of the Two-Year Course

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, May 23, 1950

The Presidency a Unit—The Three Are One

DURING the past two years we have studied the First Presidencies of the Church from 1833 to the present day. During the one hundred and eighteen years that the Church has been presided over by the First Presidency, eight men have presided as President of the Church and as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to the Church. Twenty different men served these eight Presidents as counselors, including Joseph F. Smith, who later became President of the Church. By united effort they have led the Church as it has grown from a small body of believers to a great world-wide organization, the greatest force for righteousness on earth. Let us review the tasks and challenges that faced these leaders, and see how their accomplishments have contributed to the present-day success and achievements of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Joseph Smith

When Joseph Smith was called

and commissioned to establish the Church of Jesus Christ on earth through restoration from divine spheres, he faced a Herculean task. Not only was his task that of giving spiritual leadership and doctrinal teachings, but also to effect a gathering and organization of true believers into what we call a church. He had no existing congregation to form the nucleus of the Church, but started without any adherents. Converts drawn from many religious denominations were welded into a unified Church with a unified governmental system and unified doctrines.

We speak, in a general way, of this movement as the restoration of the gospel. But that is a very broad term. To be more specific, the Prophet translated and produced through inspiration from on high, volumes of new scripture. The Book of Mormon, the Book of Moses, and the Book of Abraham came from this inspiration. The Doctrine and Covenants, the book that contains the fundamental revelations to the Church in this dispensation, is almost entirely the result of his prayerful search for divine guidance.

Closely allied with these scriptural contributions is Joseph Smith's work in connection with the restoration of the Priesthood. Without divine authority or commission to serve, lead, act, and teach in the name of God, the Church organization would have been no different from nor better than the many other churches existing in 1830. Not only did the Priesthood provide the authority for Church leadership, but it also carried with it the power to perform the gospel ordinances for both the living and the dead. Another function of the Priesthood was to carry the gospel to the nations of the earth through the missionary system and direct the "gathering of Israel" from the nations of the earth.

A third phase of the restoration accomplished during the administration of the Prophet Joseph Smith was the revelation of the eternal principles of the gospel and their interpretation. He preached and taught various doctrines, based on revealed truths, which have come to form the body of teachings that we speak of as the religion of the Latter-day Saints. Not only was a new insight given into the meaning and spirit of the gospel and its ordinances, but the application of the restored religion to the processes of daily living was revealed. He tied life and religion together so inseparably that no Latter-day Saint should ever think of his religion as a way of believing. It should always be a way of *living* as well as *believing*. These two aspects of salvation cannot be separated.

Brigham Young

At the Prophet's death, the restoration had been completed in its fundamentals. A new leader was raised up in the person of Brigham Young to serve as the Lord's anointed. The Church was now faced with a very practical problem, that of moving to the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountains and establishing itself there so securely that it could not be destroyed. With the six counselors that served him, Brigham Young gave to the Church an administration of unusual vigor

in doing—as he frequently termed it—"building up the kingdom of God." He directed the colonization of the Intermountain area, literally "driving the stakes of Zion" deep into the earth, so that no wind, adversity, or false doctrine could upset the "tents of the army of Zion."

Brigham Young's administration included, however, much more than colonization. With his counselors, he expanded the missionary activities of the Church; stimulated the gathering of the saints in greater numbers; planned for the industries necessary to care for the temporal needs of the saints; and commenced temple building in the valleys of the mountains, that the blessings and saving ordinances revealed to the Prophet Joseph might be made available to those worthy to receive them.

John Taylor

John Taylor became President of the Church in 1880. Brigham Young's efforts had been richly rewarded and the wards and stakes of the Church were firmly established. The practical side of religion had been made remarkably successful; but the Church was being sorely tried by external persecution. There was need of increased faith and spirituality to withstand the persecution. John Taylor and his counselors were men capable of meeting this situation. They continued to encourage the establishment of new settlements, and the missionary work of the Church, likewise they stimulated the members of the Church to renewed efforts in developing their spiritual powers.

Wilford Woodruff

The passing of President Taylor placed Wilford Woodruff as head of the Church in 1889. With the same counselors, he continued the work of his predecessor. He, moreover, issued and the Church adopted the official declaration on the cessation of plural marriage. Missionary effort was renewed, and the Church commenced a new era in the promotion of educational quests among the youth of the Church. When this great leader relinquished the presidency to his successor, the Church was firmly established, both temporally and spiritually.

Lorenzo Snow

The efforts of Presidents Taylor and Woodruff to meet the opposition that faced the Church had left it heavily in debt. The paying of tithing was not being properly observed as a result of the long struggle with the Government, in which the Governmental agencies had threatened to confiscate the tithing funds. In the person of President Snow the Lord placed a new President over the Church who was that rare combination of a highly practical man and a great spiritual director. President Snow enthused the people with the idea of rededicating their lives and their means for the furtherance of God's work on earth. As a result, the law of tithing, as presented by President Snow, was observed with increased interest by faithful saints. This new appreciation of the law of tithing led to greater spirituality and more unselfish devotion to the Church and religious endeavor.

Joseph F. Smith

President Joseph F. Smith was made President of the Church at the time when the economic condition of the Church was improving, but the Church was not as yet out of debt. Under his administration some remarkable achievements were discernible. First of all, the Church paid off all its obligations and was able to begin to accumulate funds for Church purposes. Additional funds were designated for the construction of new temples for the benefit of both the living and the dead. A Church-built and maintained hospital was constructed. Many new ward and stake buildings were planned and constructed. Missionary work was reorganized and expanded in both the United States and Europe and the Japanese Mission was opened.

Heber J. Grant

Under the able leadership of President Heber J. Grant the work of the Church continued to progress and expand in influence. He had the unique distinction of presiding over the Church at the time it celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The antagonism and persecution toward the saints and the Church were greatly lessened during this time, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to be recognized as an important religious body of America. President Grant personally did much to dispel opposition against the Church and misunderstanding concerning its purposes as he traveled throughout the world, preaching the gospel message and meeting the prominent leaders of states and nations. New temples, chapels, and stake halls increased in number during his administration. The educational system of the Church likewise expanded greatly with the growth of the Brigham Young University to a large institution, the expansion of the seminary system, and the establishment of the Church Institutes of Religion. New hospitals were established in several Latter-day Saint communities and missionary work extended to cover new areas. The Church Welfare Program was instituted to care for the needy of the Church.

George Albert Smith

The centennial of the settlement of the Latter-day Saints in the Great Basin was celebrated under the leadership of President George Albert Smith. Great honors came to the Church in tribute to the pioneers and for its progressive achievements in the religious life of America. President Smith and his counselors have been faced with the tremendous task of leading the Church through the troublesome days of post-war adjustment. The First Presidency at this time consists of men of national reputation. Their position makes their admonitions and warnings of great importance. Welfare work has continued to be expanded, with many new evidences of strength. Renewed missionary effort has resulted in the calling of the greatest missionary force ever to be engaged in preaching the restored gospel. The Church faces the future with outstanding leadership, great efficiency, and firm support of its members. The Presidency as a unit is diligently working to make

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the kingdom of God on earth grow into the kingdom of heaven.

Topics for Discussion and Study

1. Enumerate basic achievements of the Prophet Joseph Smith in restoring the gospel.
2. Why is it difficult to distinguish the accomplishments of the individual members of the various First Presidencies of the Church?
3. Why do you think the Lord established three as a First Presidency in the Church?
4. Tell how each President of the Church has been especially qualified to accomplish the tasks facing the Church during his administration.
5. What do we mean when we say that the Presidency is a unit?

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Winter Night

Beth B. Johnson

The night is comfort, rest,
Star-flecked happiness,
Moon peace, frosted plastic,
Fire flickering, flames elastic,
Crusty corn, crunchy apples,
Wind singing in the maples.

The Cynic Said

Christie Lund Coles

Love, they said, is fleet and fickle,
Here today and gone tomorrow.
Yet our love has been as constant
In our joy as in our sorrow.

Love, they said, will leave you hungered,
Will break the heart on which it fed.
Yet our love has been our manna . . .
Cooling drink and golden bread.

The Tranquil Path

Ruth Harwood

Some say that we must suffer
To know life's real delights,
Must plumb the depths of sorrow
To reach the greatest heights,
Must agonize as prelude
To our glowing flights.

But should my days in passing,
Nor suffer nor ascend,
I shall be fully happy,
And glad enough to wend
My own bright tranquil path of song
Unto the very end.

No Mountains

Lydia Hall

His faded eyes grew brighter as
He told of work he'd done,
Of logging where the pointed pines
Were pillars for the sun.
He spoke of upland meadows that
His cattle used to roam,
Of storms that slashed at summits where
He built a cabin home.

I asked him if he'd ever worked
In mill or factory,
And waited while his tired mind
Walked paths of memory.
"Well, yes," he said at last, and smiled,
"But only for a day,
There wasn't any mountains there
And so I went away."

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From Near and Far

The *Magazine* acts as a missionary in a great many homes. It has been my ambition to work hard and put the *Magazine* in every home of every young mother, because it is such a guide and so helpful in teaching the gospel. The poem by Sister Maude Cook ("Today Is All of Time," page 727, November 1949) has been very much enjoyed because we all love Sister Cook. I appreciate the good clean reading in the *Magazine* and by studying its pages I gain spiritual strength.

—Cora Daley, Snowville, Utah

I want to express my appreciation for our wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*, for I find it very inspirational from cover to cover. I just can't understand why our *Magazine* agents have any trouble in getting their quotas of subscriptions. The stories and poems are beautiful, and I greatly enjoyed the descriptive account of the wedding held in Javornik (Ancient Rites at a Modern Wedding," by Martha Toronto, page 734, November 1949).

—Clara Mitchell, Blackfoot, Idaho

The Relief Society poems are of high standards when a bishop will write and tell how they made him cry. It was not sadness, but the inner beauty of the poem that made the tears fall. I only hope it was one of mine.

—Margaret B. Shomaker, Clearfield, Utah

I have been very much interested in the article by Doris Feil about embroidery, published in the October *Magazine*. We do need to be reminded of our American way of hurrying through our work sometimes at the expense of neatness. I intend to watch the detail of my handwork more closely. I think that many readers will make the same resolution. We discussed the article at our work meeting this month. It is all very well to be complimented on our successes, but let's have our need for improvement pointed out, too.

—Mrs. Myrtle W. Hatch, Burley, Idaho

I would like to have my *Relief Society Magazine* subscription renewed. I have enjoyed the *Magazine* ever since I could read. Before I could read, mother would read the stories to us.

—Fern Baldwin, McNary, Arizona

I am not a member of the Church, but am a member of Relief Society. I want to thank you for a *Magazine* which contains so many wonderful lessons. I get so many blessings from it.

—Mrs. Lillie Newton,
San Dimas, California

I am very happy to write and say how pleased I always am to receive *The Relief Society Magazine* every month. It keeps me in touch with all you are doing as I cannot get to the meetings, being so far away, but I do enjoy studying the lessons.

—A Grateful Reader, Essex, England

I was so thrilled to get my first copy of the *Magazine*. I read it from cover to cover, advertising and all. It is so very interesting that I am sorry for being without it as long as I have been. I'm surely going to look forward to getting my next copy.

—Mrs. LaVaun Hansen, Pocatello, Idaho

The most wonderful woman's *Magazine* came today. I hope Christmas will be as merry as mine was when the December *Magazine* arrived this morning.

—D. R. Logan, Utah

I am a subscriber to the *Magazine* and enjoy the many interesting stories, along with the lessons and other material.

—Elizabeth Johnson, Ogden, Utah

Through the kindness of a sister-in-law who has given me several years subscriptions to the *Magazine*, I have enjoyed many hours of good and profitable reading. I especially like the poems.

—Mamie Borg, Salt Lake City, Utah

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